

THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1324.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

PRICE 3d.
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

CATALOGUES.

SOTHERAN'S PRICE CURRENT OF LITERATURE, No. 367, for SEPTEMBER, just published, contains a good collection of
BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY AND GENERAL READER, including numerous important sets.—Post free from
H. SOTHERAN & Co., Booksellers, 140, Strand, W.C., and
37, Piccadilly, W.

POTTER'S BOOK CATALOGUE on General Literature (No. 117, for OCTOBER), at reduced prices, post free. Sporting Works purchased.—WILLIAM POTTER, 30, Exchange Street East, Liverpool.

H. GREVEL & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
33, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.
Daily Importations of all Prominent New Publications.
CATALOGUES of the Foreign Antiquaries can be had by stating subjects required.

FOREIGN BOOKS AND PERIODICALS
promptly supplied on moderate terms.
CATALOGUES on application.
DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 30, South Frederick Street,
Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

T. H. WOHLLEBEN,
FOREIGN BOOKSELLER,
45, Great Russell Street (Opposite the British Museum),
Supplies all Foreign Books and Periodicals at the most moderate prices.
CATALOGUES on application.

W. THACKER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND EXPORTERS,
2, Creed Lane, London, E.C.
Calcutta: THACKER, SPINK & Co.
MSS. considered for Publication. (Established 1819)

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS and
BOOKSELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New
York, and 24, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the
attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities
presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most
favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS
and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS—
CATALOGUES sent on application.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.
NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.—
KING, BELL & BAILLON, Limited, high-class Printers
and Publishers, 15, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, E.C.
have specially-built Rotary and other fast Machines for printing
illustrated or other Publications and specially-built Machines for fast
folding and covering 8, 16, 32, or 32-page Journals at one operation.
Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence New
Journals.
Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices, free. Advertising
and Publishing Departments conducted.
Telephone 63121. Telegraph "Africanism, London."

RARE Old (Black) OAK FURNITURE,
originally came out of the Yorkshire Dales, FOR SALE—viz.,
Grandfather's Clock (brass face); Dover Chest; Corner Cupboard;
Side Table; Pipe Rack; and Tannet's Shaver Table—accept 15 Guineas
the lot. Bargain. Seen here, or Sketches sent.—"LADY," Oakdene,
Richmond, Yorkshire.

A LINGUIST, connected with several Learned
Societies abroad, seeks SECRETARIAL WORK. Translations;
Research Notes; Foreign Correspondence; Articles supplied to Magazines, &c.—Write E. GOSLIS, 43, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

LITERARY RESEARCH.—A Gentleman,
experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the British
Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with Author or any
person requiring assistance in Literary Research, or in seeing Work
through the Press. Translations undertaken from French, Italian, or
Spanish.—Apply, by letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 8, Furnival Street,
London, E.C.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.
(Advertisements in this column are inserted at 4d. per line, prepaid.)

WANTED.—COLOURED MALTON'S, or any
Old COLOURED VIEWS OF DUBLIN.—VICKERS, Baginbun
Place, Dublin.

WANTED.—Copies of "THE ACADEMY" for
11th JANUARY, 1896. Full price (3d. per copy) paid.—
Apply ACADEMY Office, 43, Chancery Lane, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY. THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS.

The 24th SESSION of the DEPARTMENT of SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, and ARTS will begin on OCTOBER 5, and the 27th SESSION of the SCHOOL of MEDICINE on OCTOBER 1, 1897.
The Classes prepare for the following professions:—Chemistry, Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Sanitary Engineering, Coal Mining, Textile Industries, Dyeing, Leather Manufacture, Agriculture, School Teaching, Medicine, and Surgery.
University Degrees are also conferred in the Faculties of Arts, Science, Medicine, and Surgery.
Lodging Hall has been established for Students' Residence.
Prospectus of any of the above may be had from the REGISTRAR.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

LECTURES ON ZOOLOGY.
The GENERAL COURSE of LECTURES, by Professor W. F. R. WELDON, F.R.S., will commence on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8th, at 1 p.m.
These Lectures are suited to the requirements of Students preparing for the Examinations of the London University, as well as to those of Students wishing to study Zoology for its own sake. Notices of other Courses of Lectures, to be delivered during the Session, will be given later.
J. M. HORSBURGH, M.A., Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR WOMEN, OCTOBER, 1897.
270 IN SCHOLARSHIPS will be OFFERED for COMPETITION by WOMEN STUDENTS who commence Residence at Durham in October, 1897. The EXAMINATION begins on OCTOBER 13th. Notice of intention to Reside should be sent, not later than September 30th, to Professor SAMSON, The Castle, Durham, from whom all information as to cost of Residence, &c., may also be obtained.

THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

PRINCIPAL—REV. H. P. GURNEY, M.A., D.C.L.
The College forms part of the University of Durham, and the University Degrees in Science and Letters are open to Students of both sexes.
In addition to the Departments of Mathematics and Natural Science, complete Courses are provided in Agriculture, Engineering, Naval Architecture, Mining, Literature, History, Ancient and Modern Languages, Fine Art, &c.
Residential Hostels for Men and for Women Students are attached to the College.
The 27th SESSION begins SEPTEMBER 27th, 1897.
Full particulars of the University Curricula in Science and Letters will be found in the CALENDAR (price 1s. 4d.). Prospectuses on application to the SECRETARY.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC CLASS.
SYSTEMATIC COURSES OF LECTURES and **LABORATORY WORK** in the subjects of the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate B.Sc. Examinations of the University of London will commence on OCTOBER 1st, and continue till July, 1898.
Fees for the Whole Course, £20, or £15 15s. to Students of the Hospital; or Single Subjects may be taken.
There is a special Class for the January Examination.
For further particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.
A Handbook forwarded on application.

SCHOOL for GIRLS, Coombe Hill House, East Grinstead, Sussex.

PRINCIPAL—MISS CLARK.
Moral Training is substituted for Religious Teaching, and an all-round development of the individual for mere lesson-learning.
Physical Training and Hand-work form a definite part of the School Course.
The AUTUMN TERM begins SEPTEMBER 19th.

SUPERIOR SCHOOLS for GIRLS.—Miss LOUISA BROUGH can RECOMMEND several Good Schools from personal knowledge. England and Continent.—CENTRAL REGISTRY for TEACHERS, 25, Caven Street, Charing Cross.

TYPE-WRITING work of every description done
with accuracy and despatch. Author's MSS., Technical and
Legal Copying, Indexing, Specifications, Tracing, Translating,
Addressing, Type-written Mimeographed Copies, &c., &c.—The Misses
E. & J. PUTZ, 435, Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C.

TO AUTHORS and Others.—MSS COPIED
(Type-written), 6d. per 1,000 words.—Address Mr. J. G. ROGERS,
9, Buxton Road, Chiswick.

SCHOLARLY TYPE-WRITING by a Graduate.
Greek, Latin, Foreign MSS., Poems, Plays, Translations.—
E. W. LUMMIS, Beeches Road, West Bromwich.

JOURNAL.—Would be thoroughly
taught the commercial, printing, and editorial work of a newspaper
and general printing office. With his intelligent co-operation
would be made duly qualified to take charge of a similar business.
Moderate premium, which, supplemented, would be returned as progressive salary. Must write shorthand. May reside with editor or proprietor.—Address M. M., care of Messrs. Passmore & Cooke, Avon Lodge, West Kensington, W.

THE AUTHOR'S HAIRLESS PAPER.—PAD.
(The LEADENHALL PRESS, Ltd., 50, Leadenhall Street
London, E.C.)

Contains hairless paper, over which the pen slips with perfect freedom. Sixpence each. 1s. per dozen, ruled or plain.

MESSRS. J. C. DRUMMOND & CO.

ART REPRODUCERS,
14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
Are the sole representatives in Great Britain of
HERR HANFSTAENGL, of Munich.
The well-known Artist in PHOTOGRAPHY now patronised by the
leading London Art Publishing Firms. A large Collection of Important
Plates always on view.

**PROCESSES BLOCKS FOR THE PURPOSE OF ORDINARY
BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.**

Messrs. DRUMMOND & CO. supply the cheapest and best Processes
in the market, which are specially adapted to meet the wants of
Antiquarians, Archaeologists, and those engaged in the investigation
and publication of Pictorial and Diocesan Records.

J. C. DRUMMOND & CO. invite attention to their
IMPROVED RAPID PHOTO-MECHANICAL PROCESSES
For the Reproduction of Works of Art, Original MSS.
Designs, Lace Manufactures, Photographs, Views, Book
Illustrations, Artistic Advertisements, Catalogues, &c.
&c., at a moderate cost.
Specimens and Price List on application.

Offices: 4, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of all the BEST
ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN
AND SPANISH BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.	COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.
LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.	N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and
post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

Now Offered at
Greatly Reduced Prices.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL,
SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and
FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH,
GERMAN, ITALIAN, and SPANISH BOOKS.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited,

30—34, NEW OXFORD STREET; 241, BROMPTON ROAD S.W.
48, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., LONDON; and
at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.
TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS
repayable on demand.
TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum
monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.
STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on
deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE
FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.
HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND
FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

Th BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

FOUNTAIN PENS AND STYLOS :

The objections to them, and how they have been met.

Cæteris paribus everyone would rather use a fountain pen that carries its own ink, and can, therefore, be used anywhere and at any moment, in preference to an ordinary pen, which has to be dipped in the ink every minute or so.

But fountain pens have acquired a bad name from two or three general objections to them. "A fountain pen is all very well," people say, "but it has to be carried upright, otherwise the ink comes out in your pocket; in fact, the ink spills and makes a hideous mess on the smallest provocation. By way of compensation, when you want to write, the ink retires to the barrel (if it isn't all spilled into your pocket) and refuses to emerge until the pen has been shaken and thumped until it squirts out a blot on the carpet."

This used to be true; but the CAW PEN has met the difficulty. It does not have to be carried upright; it can be carried sideways, upside down, or in any position whatever. The ink cannot possibly spill, because it is in a hermetically closed chamber, screwed tight. There is *no air-hole*.

The pen can be jerked or thrown about as much as you please; it cannot spill. On the other hand, until the CAW PEN is opened for use the nib (which is a gold one of the finest quality) is immersed in the ink. Consequently it writes at once, without giving any trouble.

The CAW PEN is not merely the *only* fountain pen which anyone cares to use who has once seen it as a pocket pen, but it is so convenient for desk use that it supersedes all other pens whatever.

It is easily filled, and having a wide mouth does not clog with air bubbles during that operation. Prices from 12s. 6d.

"Caw pens have a repute beyond their neighbours."—*Westminster Budget*.

The objection to Stylographic Pens is that the point rarely suits the writer's hand, and cannot be adjusted.

The CAW STYLOGRAPHIC PEN can be adjusted in an instant. It has not all the advantages of the CAW FOUNTAIN PEN; but for people who prefer a stylo this is the best stylo on the market. Prices from 5s.

British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR

AND

BOOKSELLERS' RECORD.

A HIGH-CLASS PAPER FOR PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, LITERARY MEN, BOOK COLLECTORS, LIBRARIANS, AND ALL WHO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

Published every Saturday, price 1½d.

Amongst the General Contents of the Paper are—ARTICLES ON CURRENT LITERARY SUBJECTS—NOTES AND NEWS REGARDING BOOKS—CONTINENTAL NOTES—AMERICAN NOTES—JOTTINGS ABOUT LIBRARY SALES—REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES—REGULAR LISTS OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA—LEADING FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS—BUSINESSES FOR SALE—SITUATIONS WANTED, AND SITUATIONS VACANT—BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE, AND BOOKS FOR SALE—TRADE CHANGES.

The characteristics of the literary matter, and of the advertisements, make the Publishers' Circular and Booksellers' Record a most comprehensive record of current literature.

Subscription Terms and Advantages to Annual Subscribers.

	s.	d.
FOR FIFTY-TWO WEEKS, INCLUDING POSTAGE*	8	6
FOR TWENTY-SIX WEEKS, INCLUDING POSTAGE	4	6
FOR THIRTEEN WEEKS, INCLUDING POSTAGE	2	6

* The Annual Subscription to America and Foreign Countries included in the Postal Union is Eleven Shillings.

N.B.—THE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION INCLUDES the large EXPORT AND EDUCATIONAL NUMBERS, the SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS NUMBER, and also the privilege of a four-line advertisement free each week in the out-of-print Books Wanted column.

NOW READY.

BOOKS of the YEAR 1896.

Royal 8vo, pp. over 230, cloth limp, 5s. net; or half-roan limp, 6s. 6d. net.

THE ANNUAL VOLUME

OF THE

English Catalogue for 1896

differs from its predecessor in this respect, that it gives the FULL TITLE

With Duplicate, and in many cases Triplicate, Classification under one general alphabet, of every book, instead of as hitherto abbreviated titles, consequently

The Bulk of the Catalogue is increased by over 80 pages,

whilst the price (5s. net) remains the same.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS ON FORMER ISSUES.

"The English Catalogue" is a publication of national importance. There is nothing existing that has any claim to be compared with it as a ready guide to the vast fields of modern publications."—*Daily News*.

"Such a book is immensely useful to all who have to do with the literature of the day."—*Athenæum*.

"We need scarcely point out how valuable a work of reference this well-known catalogue affords, as it is not only the names of books which are furnished in these pages, but also the dates of publication, an indication of the size, and the name of the publisher. The principal works imported from the United States of America are also included in this admirable volume."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The English Catalogue of Books" is known and appreciated by librarians and those engaged in literary research wherever English books are used, and the new volume of the work is sure of a wide and hearty welcome."—*Scotsman*.

"To say that it is indispensable to whole classes and interests is mere commonplace. It is in its class the most useful of records.....The entire work is, indeed, a precious record."—*Notes and Queries*.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LTD.,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

A SELECTION FROM HODDER & STOUGHTON'S AUTUMN LIST.

THE EXPOSITOR'S GREEK TESTAMENT.

Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.,
Editor of "The Expositor's Bible," "The Expositor," &c.
Complete in 4 vols. To be published by Subscription.
The First Volume, ready October 1st, handsomely bound
in buckram cloth, consists of the GOSPELS of
ST. MATTHEW, ST. MARK, and ST. LUKE, by
the Rev. Prof. A. B. BRUCE, D.D., and the GOSPEL
of ST. JOHN by the Rev. Prof. MARCUS DODS,
D.D.

*A full Prospectus of this important Work is now ready,
and will be forwarded on application to the Publishers.*

THE PROVIDENTIAL ORDER of the WORLD.

By the Rev. Prof. A. B. BRUCE, D.D.
The Gifford Lectures for 1897.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.

THE CLERICAL LIFE.

A Series of Letters to Ministers.

By JOHN WATSON, D.D., Prof. MARCUS DODS,
D.D., Prof. JAMES DENNEY, D.D., Principal
T. C. EDWARDS, D.D., W. ROBERTSON NICOLL,
LL.D., T. G. SELBY, T. H. DARLOW, M.A.,
and J. T. STODDART.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

ON the THRESHOLD of CENTRAL AFRICA.

*A Record of Twenty Years' Pioneering in the
Upper Zambesi, among the Banyai and Barotsi.*

By FRANÇOIS COILLARD, Paris Mission.
Translated and Edited by C. W. MACKINTOSH, with
Photogravure Portrait and numerous Illustrations
from Photographs by the Author.
Imperial 8vo, 18s.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON VERSES

Collected from *The British Weekly*
By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
Printed in red and black, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth
elegant.

SIDE-LIGHTS from PATMOS.

By GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

LITTLE BOOKS ON RELIGION.

Cloth elegant, 1s. 6d.

NEW VOLUMES.

1. THE RIGHTEOUS FATHER and the LIVING CHRIST.

By the Rev. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D., Cambridge.

2. FROM STRENGTH to STRENGTH.

By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, M.A., Carr's Lane,
Birmingham.

3. A NEW VOLUME.

By Rev. HUGH BLACK, M.A., Free St. George's,
Edinburgh.

THE SILENCE of GOD.

By ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B., LL.D., Assistant
Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.
8vo, 5s., cloth.

TRUE and FALSE AIMS, and OTHER SERMONS.

By the late Rev. E. HERBER EVANS, D.D.,
Edited by the Rev. W. JUSTIN EVANS.
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

THE LIFE of F. R. WYNNE, D.D., Bishop of Killaloe.

With a Collection of Sermons and Addresses.
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

THE BOOK of the TWELVE PROPHETS.

By Prof. GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D.
VOLUME II.
Being the Completion of the Work and of "The
Expositor's Bible" Series.
Large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.

PERSONAL FRIENDSHIPS of JESUS.

By the Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D.
The new Volume of "The Silent Times" Series.
Fcap 8vo, white and gold, 3s. 6d.

BY STILL WATERS.

By Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D.
A new booklet, beautifully illustrated. 1s.

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY and the EVANGELICAL FAITH.

By Rev. Prof. JAMES ORR, M.A., D.D.
A new volume of "The Theological Educator."
Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE MUSIC of the SOUL.

Daily Readings for a Year, from the Writings of the
Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.
Selected and Arranged by the Rev. GEORGE COATES.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 8s.

THE LAST THINGS.

*A Study of the Coming of Christ, the Eternal
Punishment of Sin, and the Eternal City of God.*
By the Rev. J. AGAR BEET, D.D.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

THE GOSPEL in the FIELDS.

By the Rev. E. C. FILLINGHAM, M.A.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

A GUIDE to BIBLICAL STUDY.

By Prof. A. S. PEAKE, M.A.
With an Introduction by the Rev. Principal A. M.
FAIRBAIRN, D.D.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

The MINISTRY of the HOLY GHOST.

By the Rev. JOHN MORGAN, Edinburgh.
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

THE GREATER GOSPEL.

By JOHN M. BAMFORD.
Author of "My Cross and Thine."
24mo, 1s. 6d., cloth.

LIFE'S LOOK-OUT.

The Autobiography of Sydney Watson.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

By HESBA STRETTON.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

CHIRRUPEE.

By E. BOYD BAYLY.
Author of "Jonathan Merle."
With numerous Illustrations by Ursula Wood. 1s.

IVY MEREDITH; or, a Season in the South.

A Story by CELIA ARMAGH.
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

THE GENTLEMANLY GIANT,

And other Demizens of the Never Never Forest.
By BEATA FRANÇOIS, Author of "Slyboots."
With numerous Illustrations by Geoffrey Strahan.
Fcap. 4to, 3s. 6d., cloth.

ESSAYS and ADDRESSES by HENRY DRUMMOND.

With Introductory Sketches by IAN MACLAREN and
W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL.

By the Rev. JOHN WATSON, D.D.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

From her Birth to her Flight into England.
Including documents hitherto unpublished.
By D. HAY FLEMING.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.

A DOCTOR of the OLD SCHOOL.

By IAN MACLAREN.
With numerous Illustrations by Frederick C. Gordon.
Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE IAN MACLAREN YEAR-BOOK.

Daily Readings from the Works of IAN MACLAREN.
Royal 32mo, cloth.

OUTLINES of a PHILOSOPHY of RELIGION.

Based on Psychology and History.
By AUGUSTE SABATIER, Dean of the Faculty of
Protestant Theology, Paris.
Authorised Translation by the Rev. T. A. SEED.
Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d., cloth.

THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL

And another Story for Young People.
By the late HENRY DRUMMOND.
With Illustrations by Louis Wain.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

JANE EYRE.

By CHARLOTTE BRONTE.
Being the First Volume of THE WORKS OF THE
BRONTES.
Edited by W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
With full Introductions and Copyright material
furnished by the family.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

DAVID LYALL'S LOVE STORY.

By the Author of "The Land o' the Leal."
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

THROUGH LATTICE WINDOWS.

By W. J. DAWSON.
Crown 8vo, art linen, 6s.

BY FAR EUPHRATES.

A New Story by the Author of "The Spanish
Brothers."
Crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.

TO the ANGEL'S CHAIR.

A Story of Ideals in a Welsh Village.
By the Rev. JOHN THOMAS, M.A., Liverpool.
Crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a HIGHLAND MINISTER.

With a Letter of Appreciation by the Rev. ALEX.
WHYTE, D.D.
Crown 8vo, cloth.

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS'S

New and Forthcoming Books.

A New Book on Newfoundland.

THE TENTH ISLAND:

Being some Account of Newfoundland, its People, its Politics, and its Peculiarities.

By BECKLES WILLSON.

With an Introduction by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY, K.C.M.G., Premier of the Colony,
And an Appendix by Lord CHARLES BERNESFORD.
Globe 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d., with Map.
[Ready immediately.]

By Richard Le Gallienne.

THE RUBAIYAT of OMAR KHAYYAM:

A Paraphrase from several Literal Translations.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Large fcap. 8vo, parchment, 5s.
[Ready immediately.]

POEMS by A. and L.

By ARABELLA and LOUISA SHORE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.
[Ready immediately.]

THE ETHICS OF THE SURFACE SERIES.

I. The RUDENESS of the HONOUR-ABLE MR. LEATHERHEAD.

II. A HOMBURG STORY.

III. QUI BONO?

[Ready shortly.]

By GORDON SEYMOUR.

18mo, buckram, 2s. each.

Idylls of Derbyshire.

A PEAKLAND FAGGOT:

Tales Told of Mill'n Folk.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in *The Graphic*.—"The writer who gives us glimpses into the psychology of the poor and the illiterate ought always to be welcome. The charm of the work is in the freshness of the subject and of the treatment. Mr. Murray Gilchrist has introduced us to a new world of profound human interest."

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

AGLAVAIN and SELYSETTE:

A Drama in Five Acts.

Translated into English by ALFRED SUTRO.

With an Introduction by J. W. MAOKAIL, and a Title-page designed by W. H. MARGETSON.
Globe 8vo, half-buckram, 2s. 6d. net.

By the Author of "A Nile Novel."

LITTLE STORIES

ABOUT WOMEN.

By GEORGE FLEMING.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Grant Allen's New Novel.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE:

Episodes in the Life of the Illustrations Colonel Clay.

By GRANT ALLEN.

With over 60 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Mr. RICHARDS has also in preparation for immediate publication Two New Anthologies: "THE FLOWER of the MIND: a Choice among the Best Poems," by Mrs. MEYNELL; and "A BOOK of VERSES for CHILDREN," by E. V. LUCAS. 6s. each.

GRANT RICHARDS, 9, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

MR. MACQUEEN'S LIST.

A GIRL'S AWAKENING:

A NOVEL.

By J. H. CRAWFORD,

Author of "The Wild Life of Scotland," &c.

Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

First Review.

"In a different vein from the delightful books which the author has provided for those who love to follow in the wake of an observant naturalist. In some respects it reminds one of *Pygmalion and Galatea*. The story possesses much of the charm which belongs to the writings of an author who lingers lovingly over country surroundings, while the conversations that take place between a venerable astronomer, the heroine, and a literary man are highly amusing."
—*Scotsman*.

THE RED PAINTED BOX:

A NOVEL.

By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "The Harvest of Sin," &c.,

Joint Author of "Convict 99," &c.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

First Review.

"It is only at pretty long intervals that stories so full of baffling mystery and powerful interest as 'The Red Painted Box' issue from the press. With cunning art the author weaves her plot, and the reader follows its windings with absorbed attention, spurred on from point to point by the pleasant but deluded belief that he or she has solved the mystery."
—*Scotsman*.

THE COURT of KING ARTHUR:

Stories from the Land of the Round Table. By

WILLIAM HENRY FROST. 20 Illustrations by

Sydney Richmond Burleigh. Crown 8vo, 6s.

[Just published.]

POSSESSED of DEVILS. By Mrs.

HAROLD E. GORST. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"It would be impossible to convey a better idea of this book than by quoting the few first and very frank lines of its introduction: 'This is the story of a woman for whom I offer no apology, whose character and morals it is impossible to defend, whose sentiments were abominable, whose principles were "nil".....but who, nevertheless, was in very truth a woman.' One may not endorse Mrs. Gorst's thesis, and yet acknowledge that she has exposed it with considerable talent. The story ends with an unexpected and thrilling climax."
—*Morning Post*.

A DRAWING-ROOM CYNIC. By

LORIN KAYE, Author of "Her Ladyship's Income."

Art canvas, gilt top, crown 8vo, 6s.

"A witty, cynical, whimsical writer is the author of this most captivating story. 'A Drawing-room Cynic' is so much better a novel than the reader is likely to come across for some time, that he will find it advisable to begin it again when he has reached the end, for the book is a gallop from start to finish, and during the race he must miss some of the excellent things of which the story is full."
—*The Queen*.

THE WOOING of AVIS GRAYLE.

By CHARLES HANNAN, Author of "Chin Chin Wa,"

"The Captive of Pekin," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Since Sir William Brandon on the Bench was confronted by Paul Clifford in the dock by that master of romance, the first Lord Lytton, we have not had so strong a situation in the same order as that of the husband of Avis Grayle and his sworn friend."
—*World*.

A RUSSIAN WILD-FLOWER. By

E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS, Author of "Round about Armenia." Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Something absolutely new in fiction. This story is charming from every point of view; it makes the reader feel, when he closes the book, that he knows Russia as no other writer has ever enabled him to know the vast dim Empire of the Cæsars. Princess Olga Obolenski is the most living and gracious heroine of fiction we have met for a dreary length of time, and her story inspires the liveliest sympathy."
—*World*.

THE WILD FLOWERS of SCOTLAND.

By the AUTHOR of "THE WILD LIFE of SCOTLAND," &c. Illustrations by John Williamson. Hand-

somely bound, uniform with Mr. CRAWFORD's other Works. Large crown 8vo, 6s. net.

"Those who shrink from the hard scientific aspect and cacophonous would-be Latinity of many works with titles of this kind need have no fear that these pleasant, gossiping papers will be too severely botanical for them. The reader will be hard to please, be he but a lover of nature, who does not find these pages interesting and full of charm."
—*The Times*.

JOHN MACQUEEN, HASTINGS HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, W.C.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. METHUEN announce that they have just published "THE POMP of the LAVIETTES," by GILBERT PARKER, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.; and "BLADYS," by S. BARING-GOULD, illustrated by F. H. Townsend, crown 8vo, 6s.; they will publish shortly "THE LADY'S WALK," by Mrs. OLIPHANT, crown 8vo, 6s.; "THE SINGER of MARLY," by IDA HOOPER, illustrated by W. Cubitt Cooke, crown 8vo, 6s.

THE MUTABLE MANY. By Robert

BARR, Author of "In the Midst of Alarms." Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The best novel that Mr. Barr has given us. There is much insight in it and much humour."
—*Daily Chronicle*.
"An exceedingly interesting book."
—*Westminster Gazette*.
"An excellent story filled with life-like pictures."
—*Glasgow Herald*.
"A series of pictures of a strike which have rarely been equalled in brilliancy."
—*Ser*.
"Sympathetic to a rare degree, it has both power and pathos."
—*Globe*.

BY STROKE of SWORD. By Andrew

BALFOUR, Illustrated by W. C. Cooke. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. A Romance of the Time of Elizabeth.

"A banquet of good things."
—*Academy*.
"A recital of thrilling interest, told with unflagging vigour."
—*Globe*.
"An unusually excellent example of a semi-historical romance. This exciting volume is worthy of a place in the front rank."
—*World*.
"Masly, healthy, and patriotic."
—*Glasgow Herald*.

KIRKHAM'S FIND. By Mary Gaunt,

Author of "The Moving Finger." Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A really charming novel."
—*Standard*.

SCOTTISH BORDER LIFE. By J. C.

DIBDIN. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Of high literary merit."
—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. By

Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, K.C.B. With 320 Illustrations and 6 Maps. Crown 4to, 30s. net. A Complete Survey of British Central Africa, its History, Geography, Ethnology, Languages, Fauna, Flora, Scenery, &c.

"Admirably thorough and beautifully illustrated."
—*Globe*.
"A delightful book...collecting within the covers of a single volume all that is known of this part of our African domains. The voluminous appendices are of extreme value."
—*Manchester Guardian*.
"The book takes front rank as a standard work by the one man competent to write it."
—*Daily Chronicle*.

OXFORD and its COLLEGES. By

J. WELLS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. Illustrated by E. H. New. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.; leather, 4s. A Guide—chiefly Historical—to the Colleges of Oxford.

"A pretty, readable, and useful book."
—*Globe*.
"Delightfully printed, bound, and illustrated."
—*Daily Graphic*.
"Just such a volume as a visitor wishes for."
—*Scotsman*.

WITH the GREEKS in THESSALY.

By W. KINNAIRD ROSE. Crown 8vo, 6s. This book contains 23 Illustrations by Mr. W. T. Maud, and several Maps and Plans.

"Mr. Rose's description of the flight from Larissa will go down to history."
—*Daily Chronicle*.

HOW to MAKE a DRESS. By Miss

J. A. E. WOOD, Head Teacher of Dressmaking, Goldsmiths' Institute. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

TEXT-BOOK OF TECHNOLOGY.

ORNAMENTAL DESIGN for WOVEN

FABRICS. By O. STEPHENSON, of the Technical College, Bradford, and F. SUDDARDS, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. With 65 Full-Page Plates, and numerous Designs and Diagrams in the Text. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

The aim of this book is to supply, in a systematic and practical form, information on the subject of Decorative Design as applied to Woven Fabrics, and it is primarily intended to meet the requirements of students in Textile and Art Schools, or of designers actively engaged in the weaving industry. Its wealth of illustration is a marked feature of the book.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW CATALOGUE and BOOK GAZETTE sent to any address.

METHUEN & CO., ESSEX STREET, W.C.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS	PAGE
"Bustling, Breathless, Bragging Boswell" ...	213
A Critic's Note-Book ...	214
The Spirit of the Matterhorn ...	215
South African Exploration ...	216
Looking Backward ...	217
Looking Forward ...	217
FROM CROWDED SHELVES ...	218
NOTES AND NEWS ...	219
EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: I., DON QUIXOTE ...	220
RICHARD HOLT HUTTON ...	221
WANTED: A PHILANTHROPIST FOR RESEARCH ...	222
CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS ...	223
New Books Received ...	223
THE BOOK MARKET ...	223
DRAMA ...	224
SCIENCE ...	225
MUSIC ...	226
CORRESPONDENCE ...	226
FICTION SUPPLEMENT ...	69-73

REVIEWS.

"BUSTLING, BREATHLESS,
BRAGGING BOSWELL."

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*James Boswell.*
By W. Keith Leask. (Oliphant, Anderson
& Ferrier.)

"I WILL be myself!" cried Boswell on his return from Corsica: the cry is the keynote of his whole life and character. He confesses of himself, as an author, or, to adopt his cherished spelling, "authour," that "from a certain peculiarly frank, open, and ostentatious disposition which he avows, his history, like that of the old Seigneur Michael de Montaigne, is to be traced in his writings." Elsewhere, in excuse for a flood of irrelevant egotism, he writes: "to pour out all myself as old Montaigne, I wish all this to be known." With Montaigne, Boswell might have declared that, "in favour of the Huguenots, who condemn private confession, I confess myself in public"; or again, "I have no other end in writing than to discover myself." Himself, truly; and to discover others, not otherwise than as he discovered himself, with their "warts," as Cromwell said, their eccentricities and asperities, their public fame and their private peculiarity: he would not "make a tiger a cat to please anybody," nor confine himself to "grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam." "For," said he, with absolute conviction, "curiosity is the most prevalent of all our passions"; and curiosity, in more than its limited modern sense. He meant by it an unflagging, incessant, insatiable interest in life; an hatred of dullness and inattention, of waste moments and sluggish hours; a craving to make each act and occupation contribute of its value to his mind or senses; a dramatic instinct of seizing upon the quickest, liveliest, fullest aspect of things; an unconquerable determination to make the most of life, to see and hear and taste and feel, to be unlike "old Mr. Edwards of Pembroke." To this he would sacrifice self-respect, and

cast off dignity and court rebuffs; but he knew what he was doing, and why he did it—he was not Gray's or Macaulay's genius by accident, fool by nature. He let nothing escape him—he must ever be enjoying some emotion or sensation. He "cannot resist the serious pleasure of writing to Mr. Johnson from the tomb of Melancthon. My paper rests upon the tomb of that great and good man. . . ." What a picture! Here is another: At the Duke of Argyll's, after his Hebridean adventures, he can

"never forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner and gay inviting appearance pleased me so much that I thought for a moment I could have been a knight-errant for them."

Abroad, and breaking all his father's express conditions of residence and study, he, Jimmy Boswell, finds "borne in upon him" the words of St. Paul, "I must see Rome." Language is inadequate to deal with that. Again, in disregard of his wife's claims and father's wishes, he wants to go a-gadding up to town, because keeping Easter at St. Paul's is like keeping the Passover at Jerusalem. Assuredly he never kept his Passover with bitter herbs. He tells Rousseau that there are points *où nos âmes sont unies*; he tells Paoli that "with a mind naturally inclined to melancholy and a deep desire of inquiry, I have intensely applied myself to metaphysical researches. . . ." He tells Chatham that his Lordship has "filled many of my best hours with the noble admiration which a disinterested soul can enjoy in the bowers of philosophy. . . . Could your Lordship find time now and then to honour me with a letter?" Always, as he admits, "that favourite subject *myself*," yet almost heroically so, even when impudently so: an occasional letter from Chatham would be a zest, an excitement, a distinguished pleasure to the youth under thirty, and therefore—he asks for it! It is not mere, pure conceit and ill-breeding: it is an invincible vivacity. You can almost see him reckoning up, as it were, on his plump fingers, his eminent acquaintances, the cities and courts that he has visited, his writings and flirtations and experiences in general: they are his treasures and his triumphs. The acquisition of Johnson was but the greatest of them all, his crowning achievement: all his life was devoted to social *coups d'état*. To hear service in an Anglican cathedral; to attend an exceptionally choice murderer to the gallows; to contrive a meeting between Johnson and Wilkes; to sing a comic song of his own composition before Mr. Pitt at a City feast; to pray among the ruins of Iona, and to run away for fear of ghosts; to turn Roman Catholic, and immediately to run away with an actress; each and all of these performances were to him sensational, enlivening, vivid. This versatile little Ulysses of Scotland refused

"To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life! Life piled
on life
Were all too little. . . ."

Bustling, breathless, bragging, he had end-

less day-dreams and castles in Spain: there was a piteous kind of courage even in his last years of drunkenness and disappointment, when weakness and absurdity grew upon him, and the world thought him a maudlin bore or buffoon. He would not give up the chase after his ambitions, would not rest upon his laurels, upon the fame of his great biography: he was as full of schemes and projects as when he dared the dangers of Corsica, and talked heroics with Paoli. A very quaint man, a very ludicrous man, but certainly a great man: causes and effects must be commensurable, and the Boswell of *Boswell's Johnson*, that splendid and unique creation, cannot have been no more than a prying, impertinent, besotted, brainless busy-body, a meddling, mannerless, self-important little chatterer, with a big note-book and a good memory. Men "don't do such things" as write masterpieces without a master's ability. Certain critics, who see the dissimilarities between a great artist's life and his work, are fond of denying to the artist the merit of his art: it "came by chance," half unconsciously. To that we may apply Johnson's wise and reiterated conviction, so often asserted in subtler forms by Newman, and accepted by all experts in human nature, that there may be good principles without good practice: if that be true in religion, the converse is true in art. Johnson's own grave and stately writings are the work of one, upon his own confession, not quite sane all his life; Addison, with his pure and lucid prose, was an habitual tippler; Lamb, that master of fine graces, was to Carlyle a sorry drunkard playing the fool. And Boswell, because of his failings and absurdities, is not to be given the credit of the undoubted work of genius in which he records them! Illogical injustice could surely no farther go: it is *assomment*. We shall be told that Goldsmith and Steele wrote their exquisite works because they were wild, irresponsible, unmethodical Irishmen, obviously incapable of producing such perfection *proprio motu* and *voluntate sua*. Art is not an Indian juggler's trick of producing fruit and flowers out of empty space; and as for the critics, who seem to think so of Boswell, *que messieurs les critiques commencent*. It is not so. As a man, according to Johnson and St. Paul, may sincerely hold good principles, yet be unable to "wear them out in practice," as Topham Beauclerk said, so a fine writer may show in his writings a thousand virtues of proportion, sobriety, tact, good sense, utterly lacking in his conduct. And *curiosity*, Boswell's absorbing passion, is a feature in his life and conduct which *does* go far towards accounting for the excellences of his masterpiece. His instinct of selection, his presentment of choice scenes, his dramatic directness, his infinitely felicitous touch upon trifles, his unrivalled skill in detail, come naturally from a man who cared so supremely for rare and savoursome experiences in life. He does not weary us with descriptions of dull dinners and reports of insipid talk, because he hated such things; he gives us Johnson and the rest in all their lifelike reality, not excluding the odd and the grotesque, because it was just that

piquant reality which he loved, sought out, remembered. He gives us information about himself to his own disadvantage, because such personal information, which helps to show the man, he loved to have of others. Johnson "tosses him," turns and rends him, covers him with confusion. What then! It was magnificent, Johnson at his best; and Boswell wants to show Johnson at his best, in all his glory, the "Great Man." He relished his own rebuffs and discomfitures; as for his own weaknesses, well, he wants us to see himself also as he was, exceedingly human, no stiff, bloodless, academic person, but Boswell of the tender conscience, the good intentions, and the frequent fall. So we have Boswell the theological, Boswell the bibulous, Boswell the feudal, Boswell the cosmopolitan—all the Boswells. We miss neither the Boswell who perpetually discussed predestination, nor the Boswell who sometimes *adhæsit pavimento*. But the art of it! Reading Boswell's half-humorous, half-serious apologies or reasons for recording uncouth or ridiculous sayings and doings, his own or others', we cannot deny that he had full right to say of his "Life" what Johnson said of his *Dictionary*: "Sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it; and have done it very well."

"What a pedant," wrote Mr. Matthew Arnold, of Cicero, to Mr. John Morley, "is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down!" What a pedant, one is inclined to say, must he be who shrinks from an honest admiration and affection for Boswell! In many ways a small, an undignified, a preposterous man, but never a mean, idiotic, vulgar man. He knew all the weak and laughable sides of his own character, and that safeguards him. So abject a fool and vain a toady, as Macaulay imagines him, could have had no sense of humour, no subtlety of perception, no delicacy of characterisation: still more, he could not have had the friendship of Johnson and of the Club. Johnson was the tenderest of mankind, and protected in long-suffering patience many a querulous or unattractive pensioner upon his charity and inmate under his roof; but Johnson enduring, and more, inviting, the companionship of a fool and toady, and that a Scotsman, is unthinkable. *Why* the world should be so unwilling to take what Thackeray calls "the more kindly and the more profound view" of Boswell's character, is something of a problem. Doubtless he awakes in us no such ardour of love and reverent compassion and caressing gratitude as Goldsmith and Lamb awoke; but he is very much our genial friend, our admired and inestimable "Bozzy." There is, perhaps, a lurking sense that, despite his title to our gratitude, he is too undignified, too ridiculous. Goldsmith and Lamb, that gentle pair, have something pathetic and tragic in their sufferings or sorrows. Boswell is too "fat and well-liking," too self-satisfied and assertive, too canny and conquering: there is nothing sacred unto tears about him. His failings and distempers are beautiful neither in cause nor in effect: we do not get beyond thinking him a good fellow and a prodigious

able one. Johnson, thanks to Boswell, we cannot but love: Boswell himself is no more than our excellent shrewd tavern friend or fellow-traveller. We would gladly have been at "Goldy's" deathbed; we hardly think of "Bozzy's." In truth, it is hard to think of him as dead, as master of the dread secrets which he loved to peer into with Johnson. To us he is still a Londoner, strutting off down Fleet-street toward Johnson's quarters, thinking with anticipatory gusto of their supper at the Mitre, and meditating how best he shall put the Great Man through his paces. There, in the kindly, jovial tavern, *sedet aeternumque sedebit*. St. Dunstan may chime for midnight, but Boswell sits there still over the port or punch, putting questions without end to the hero whose immortality he has doubled and endeared to us.

Mr. Keith Leask is to be congratulated upon an excellent piece of work, well conceived and well executed, full of accurate knowledge and of humorous commonsense. It deserves its dedication to the "Great Cham" among modern Johnsonians, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, that admirable scholar in Dr. Johnson's school, which was distinguished, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "for a love of truth and accuracy." In short, Mr. Leask's *Life of Boswell* is in happy contrast to that by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; we could not say more to recommend it. Three unimportant points may be mentioned, where Mr. Leask's statement or his judgment is at fault; and the three points are the only three, that we have noted. He describes Francis Gentleman, whom Boswell met when he was studying under Adam Smith at Glasgow, as "an old stage-struck officer, who had sold his commission to risk his chances on the boards." By "old officer" Mr. Leask must mean "ex-officer": for Gentleman, once a well-known Irish playwright, was but twenty-one when Boswell met him, and he died aged fifty-six, the author of some fifteen dramatic pieces and of an edition of Shakespeare. Secondly, when Johnson in a letter speaks of Boswell's mother-in-law, meaning step-mother, Mr. Leask regards it as a slip of the pen, a mistake: but the last century used the terms of relationship "step" and "in-law" indifferently; a confusing habit, which Thackeray, if we remember right, has not forgotten in *Esmond*. Lastly, Mr. Leask finds in the fact that Boswell's marriage and his father's second marriage took place on the same day, but at different places, a "clear indication" of differences between father and son. Surely, 'tis to consider too curiously to consider so." Boswell married at his wife's home: Lord Auchinleck at Edinburgh, where his judicial duties very probably detained him. But, in any case, an old man over sixty might well feel something somewhat ludicrous and distasteful in the solemnisation of the two marriages together. Father and son were seldom on the best of terms, and the son was to blame for it: but here at least we find evidence of good taste on either side, rather than of discord.

A CRITIC'S NOTE-BOOK.

Journeys through France: being Impressions of the Provinces. By H. A. Taine. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In 1863 Taine was appointed examiner to the Military School of St. Cyr, and for three years, in the process of his work, he visited a wide circle of provincial towns. It was his habit to jot down his impressions of each place in a number of small note-books, always with an eye to some future recasting and publication. Such was the genesis of his *Notes sur Paris* and *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, and but for his sudden immersion in more laborious toil we should probably have had a similar volume from these brief *carnets*. Certain passages, indeed, were used in his *Voyage en Italie* and *Notes sur Paris*, but the note-books, as a whole, remained as they were, and are now published as they were left.

Such a volume could not fail to be interesting, for the simple reason that, apart from certain dryasdust labours of research, it was impossible for Taine to be dull. It forms a series of acute criticisms on the landscape and life of provincial France; and however much we may value the opinion of an intelligent foreigner on our own land, we must set a still higher worth on his opinion on his own. And in Taine's case the value is more striking, for he had a curious gift of critical aloofness, of holding himself apart from the object of his judgment and appraising it clearly and coldly. Hence he always writes of France with a certain air of foreignness, looking at it with just that air of interested curiosity with which one views an alien people.

The work is professedly an itinerary, but it has none of the picaresque romance and high spirits which commonly characterise this form. There is nothing of the rollicking humour, the eternal outlook for the whimsical and laughter-moving which delight us in Thackeray's *Irish Sketch-book*, nor, on the other hand, has he the masquerading sentiment of Heine. The purely geographical and historical interest is, of course, absent, such as inspired in the last century a work like Capt. Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*. Still further is he from the delicate sentimentalism of such dainty porcelain work as Stevenson's two little books of travel. He sets out with an interest in great questions—the political and social condition of the people, the extent of clerical supremacy, the difference in race type: and such form the lines of his moralising; but, apart from this, there is a more personal love of fair scenery, and laboriously and conscientiously he sets himself to reproduce his impressions of North and South.

These notes are a sort of epitome of his whole work. When he gives reasons for any fact there is the same air of completeness, the same search for "special tendencies" and "social conditions" which characterise his literary criticism. Nor is there wanting the gay paradox, the hasty generalisation, which are so common in his *Notes sur l'Angleterre*. Take this for an example:

"When the Englishman has ceased to work he eats and drinks, turns red in the face,

becomes gloomy or quarrelsome, takes his pleasures brutally, swears and fights. After that he sleeps till he is sober, and in the morning he washes his face in hot water and his body in cold water, brushes up his whiskers, and goes about his business with a funereal aspect. I think it is only the Frenchman, the Latin, the Southerner, who combines art, poetry, or refinement with his pleasure. The other is either a mere brute or merely virtuous."

Finally, in his short political notes there is something of the genuine Liberalism and as genuine distrust of facile democratic expedients which is the keynote of the great *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*.

His journeys start from Picardy in the North, and his first pictures in each year of the Notes are of the grey monotonous Breton land, the place of crude colours sobered by the misty sky. At first the thing distresses him; he is interested in the types of people, but the stolidity of everything, the Flemish heaviness, weighs on his spirits. On his second visit he is better pleased, the restfulness of the level colouring cools and refreshes him after the hot South. The northern character pleases him more and more.

"In the South," he says in his fine way, "you must live sensuously like a painter, love a dainty, well-dressed woman, a merry face under a dark veil of hair, a deep shade beneath a long grey wall that cuts sharp into the living blue, exquisite grapes that melt like honey in the mouth; but you must hide away all that is within you, all meditation, profound or tender."

Of particular people, too, he can draw admirable pictures:

"A man of routine by birth and disposition, with a discreet smile and spiritless eyes; squarely dressed in a good black coat, and standing squarely on his big feet—the most ordinary, serviceable steady-going, commonplace man, as vulgar and clean as a new-swept pavement."

In the South, in Languedoc and on the Mediterranean coast, Taine's sketches become more vivacious and coloured, but he always has the air of protesting against Southern characteristics, himself for the time a stern Northman. The people are "graceful, with the vivacity of a bird—of a delicate twittering tom-tit; but there is nothing more in their cackle." For the people of Toulouse he is "without sympathy." "A 'gentleman' is a rarity" there. But the country—this takes him utterly captive. He glories in the extraordinary colours, the wide lines of landscape, the clear, limitless heavens. The description of Certe, on p. 252, and the account of the passage of the Jura, are admirable pieces of ornate prose. Take this, too, of the sea:

"It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauve-coloured heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit of the foreshore, the rugged border line cut clear into a deep and sombre blue. It is She—blue as any grape on this cluster which hangs in the cooling breeze. The azure deepens, filling up a good half of the range of sight; the white sail of a fishing-smack floats alone, like a hollow shell; the eternal monotone of ocean is borne upon the ear. Draw near and see the leaping silver foam. Above the intense blue the sky is transparently, superbly pale,

and the stars are hurrying to light their lamps. There is not a living soul, nor a plant, nor any sign of the hand of man. There might be Nereids and Fauns dancing on the strand, as in the days when the world was young."

These pictures of scenery and weather are vivid, effective and careful. Their fault is that they are a little indiscriminate, a little too rhetorical and highly pitched, and every now and then the writer is unhappy in his comparisons. There is too much reference to clothing. "The sky is a beautiful and happy girl, dressed in a new gown of glistening silk." The hills are like mauve velvet; something else is like muslin. Now muslins, silks, and velvet are all very well in their way, but they can be overdone. Again, there are traces of a colourman's use of words, where the names of pigments are scattered about ineffectively, as in an otherwise excellent passage on p. 235. It is this slightly rhetorical note, this desire to write always "a power too high," which is the source of his defects.

In October, 1864, a year after the beginning of these Notes, Taine was appointed Professor of *Æsthetics* at the *École des Beaux Arts*. Hence we expect to find here traces of his strong interest in the formative arts, which gave rise subsequently to his dissertations on the Arts, their Philosophy and Ideal. In the account of the Museum at Rennes we find such traces in many shrewd and pregnant criticisms on Flemish and French painters.

"The old school of painting," he says, "seized on fundamental realities and made the most of them; the modern painter seizes on the conspicuous accident, the differentiating mark, and aims at reproducing the effect. Thus the *Dutch Landscape* of Anastasi is thoroughly true in its unpleasant bluish-green grass and its strange dissolving sky of bluish-black. That strikes us by contrast with our French sky. But Anastasi did not love Holland, and he missed the essential, the lasting, the welcome features which are the discoveries of love."

This is excellent, and not less good are the more general criticisms. "The future in every art is for such as select or meet with subjects which all succeeding generations will approve. Happiness is one of these themes, but nervous disorder and psychological peculiarities are not among them." This is another version of the profound saying that "Art must follow the main march of the human affections"—a searching text for the countrymen of De Maupassant and M. Bourget. Take this, too, on his own preferences:

"In judging a landscape, the whole question is one of more or less moisture in the air. My temperament needs more than a Roman or a Greek would demand. After a brief time, face to face with a Southern literature or art, my sensibility is wounded, and I require an imperceptible humidity in the atmosphere to allay the scorching heat of their sun."

We have scarcely left ourselves space to speak of the political notes, but these are by no means the least interesting. It is of provincial France before the war that Taine writes, a country drilled and disciplined into a respectable mediocrity. He cannot away with the system. "A community is like a large garden," he writes; "it is planned for peaches and oranges, or for carrots and

cabbages. Our garden is planned entirely for cabbages and carrots." Again, "France is a democracy of peasants and working-men under a motherly administration, with a restricted town population which lives cheaply and grows rusty, and with needy officials who are on the look-out for promotion and never take root." The power of clericalism gives him acute annoyance, but the most glaring flaw in the national edifice is the barren mechanical socialism under which all men are marshalled. There is no room for a rich civic or national life, no chance for true merit to rise to distinction, no justice in rewards and punishments. Yet "the more I see of France," he says finally, "the more she seems to have the constitution that suits her." Which would imply that Taine had no exaggerated opinion of the merits of his own land.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

A Guide to Zermatt and the Matterhorn. By Edward Whymper. With Sixty-five Illustrations and Maps. (John Murray.)

THERE is associated with the very name of Zermatt a majesty which all the desecrating forces of cheap travel and monster hotels cannot destroy. The austere and noble valley cannot be debased even by the vulgar might of organised advertisement. The spectral peak of the Matterhorn rules it still, in spite of the debasing commercialism which is spoiling Switzerland, and which aims at selling scenery and exploiting Alpine solitudes at so much per tripper. At Zermatt man can always learn something of his own insignificance. The little tourist who battens with critical bitterness on the many dishes of a Swiss *table d'hôte* has never made himself quite at home there. He cannot be quite sure that the stern, legend-haunted peaks that menace his horizon are not plotting for his pigmy overthrow. Might they not leap down from keeping watch and ward in their icy solitudes and stamp out man's imprint there in the haunted valley? "I am the Spirit of the place," mutters the Matterhorn, "and what with me wouldst thou?" Mr. Edward Whymper has answered the question more explicitly than Lord Byron's *Manfred* in this little volume of singular charm. For the book is not as other guide-books are, but a capital piece of vitalised literary work. The author has drawn liberally from his *Scrambles Among the Alps*, and tells once more the thrilling story of the long siege which Alpine climbers laid to that inaccessible peak. The virgin mountain held out year after year, but at last sullenly and malignantly yielded. The conflict, on an heroic scale, darkened by a tragedy, represents the most thrilling chapter in Alpine mountaineering exploit.

Mont Blanc was first climbed by Jacques Balmat in 1786. The path he opened is now annually trodden by hundreds of tourists; but it was not until 1865 that the peak of the Matterhorn was stormed. The price paid by the adventurers was terrible; the ghastly tale remains fixed in the memory of

all who are acquainted with Alpine literature. Mr. Whymper tells us once more of his own narrow escape and the fate of his comrades who lie in that most touching resting-place of ill-fated climbers, the little burial-ground of the English church at Zermatt. The present year has brought the usual crop of sinister Alpine accidents, and it is well that Mr. Whymper should remind his readers that death walks at the elbow of the unwary or weak mountaineer on dizzy ice-glazed crag and every slippery col. His account of the disaster, of which he was a witness, in which the Rev. Mr. Hudson, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, and the guide lost their lives is an admirable piece of descriptive writing.

"Michel Croz, the guide," wrote Mr. Whymper, "had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper position."

This, at least, is the author's belief, although he admits that the two men were hidden from his sight by an intervening mass of rock. Mr. Hadow appears to have slipped and to have knocked over the guide in falling. The two men shot down the frozen snowy slope, dragging Mr. Hudson after them; Lord Douglas followed. The two Taugwalders and Mr. Whymper planted themselves

"as firmly as the rocks would permit: the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and then fell from precipice to precipice to the Matterhornletscher below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet."

Whether their lives were sacrificed to the careless use of a rotten rope, or whether, had it not broken, Mr. Whymper and the two Taugwalders would also have perished, is a question on which opinions will differ, but which will never be cleared up. There is no more pathetic story in Alpine climbing. The victims had just planted their flag on the summit, and were descending, the arduous and most dangerous part of their task having been completed. They died in the hour of their triumph. The horror-stricken survivors for a time were helpless. For the space of half an hour they remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two guides, "paralysed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others." The descent was a terrible ordeal. The panic-stricken Taugwalders, father and son, might have slipped at any moment. Their nerve was lost. "Several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said, with terrible emphasis, 'I cannot.'" The very face of nature seemed changed by the catastrophe. When the party arrived upon the long slope descending towards Zermatt, and the danger was over,

"lo! a mighty arch appeared rising above Lyskamm, high into the sky. Pale, colourless, and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this

unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world. . . . The Taugwalders thought it had some connexion with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might bear some relation to ourselves. But our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight; unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment."

The phenomenon, however, seems to have been analogous to the fog-bow; similar atmospheric manifestations are not uncommon in the arctic regions. Thus the Matterhorn, conquered at last, took terrible vengeance. It still exacts, in spite of the rock having been blasted at the most difficult points, an almost yearly victim, and remains the most dangerous and least accessible of Alpine peaks. This is an old story retold; but it must ever be kept in mind as well by the most practised mountaineer as by the novice, since experience has taught that it must be numbered among the disasters which forethought may prevent.

Of the dangers and difficulties of serious mountaineering Mr. Whymper has given us a vivid picture. There are, no doubt, dangers from falling stones and avalanches against which no precautions can prevail, and which can be met only by the most careful study of the local meteorological conditions. The risks of solitary clambering are rendered doubly obvious by Mr. Whymper's own exciting experiences. A rock seven feet high, insurmountable to one climber, becomes possible to two, and quite easy to three men. Every party bent on serious climbing should be well disciplined, carefully equipped, and consist of three at least. No one unaccustomed to mountaineering, however robust, should attempt a difficult summit unaccompanied by the ablest guides. In fact, a man who had never handled a bat is as little likely to make a stand against Richardson's bowling as a novice to ascend even Monte Rosa without incurring tremendous risk. Another danger to which Mr. Whymper alludes is found in the deterioration of the guides. The demand has increased the supply, but not the quality. A perfect acquaintance with the region undertaken is necessary in order to reduce the risks, always considerable, to the minimum. The unwary walk into the track of avalanches with a light heart. The inexperienced climber never knows the danger he is in, and the inexperienced guide only knows enough to lose his head at the critical moment. The recent history of the Zermatt region is thick with accidents, which a closer acquaintance with the laws of Alpine meteorology might have avoided. The famous guide, Jean Antoine Carrel, died at the age of sixty-one in August, 1890, on the lower slopes of the Matterhorn, in consequence of fatigue and exposure in a fruitless attempt to scale the peak in stormy weather.

Mr. Whymper's new guide-book—the companion volume to that upon Chamonix, recently noticed in the ACADEMY—is a masterpiece. The portion of it devoted to the Matterhorn is of fascinating interest to all, climbers or not, who love mountains. No better introduction to the very heart of the Alps is procurable. The dry bones of "Baedeker" may be enough for the mob who study

Alpine peaks from hotel windows, but for the daring and ambitious tourist Mr. Whymper's guidance will be found invaluable. The book is admirably printed and illustrated; the statistical information is all that the most exacting can desire; and from beginning to end it is full of human interest, and coloured with the fearless spirit of adventure.

SOUTH AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The New Africa: a Journey up the Chobe and down the Okovanga Rivers. A Record of Exploration and Sport. By Aurel Schulz, M.D., and August Hammar, C.E. (Heinemann.)

To this volume there is no preface, but from a foot-note on the first page it may be gathered that its composition should be credited to Dr. Schulz. We should, therefore, like to ask this genial and accomplished writer why he has entitled it *The New Africa*? By that expression most people would understand the Africa which by the recent partition has virtually become a political dependency of Europe. But the events here recorded took place over twelve years ago, before the "scramble" had well begun, and they, consequently, belong rather to the period of transition between the old and the new orders. Why their publication has been so long delayed is not made quite clear in the same note, where the writer merely tells that their belated appearance

"may be justified by the explanation that since we were the first whites to traverse this partly unknown country, no explorer has followed in our footsteps, and the regions of the central Chobe and the country we traversed from there to the Okovanga still partly remain undescribed territory."

The latter part of this statement is true enough; but our travellers are mistaken in supposing that they were the first whites to visit the region in question, which, in fact, had long before been crossed and recrossed in several directions by Mr. Andrew Anderson, author of that entertaining book *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon*, &c. (1887). Their farthest point on the Okovanga river had also been reached so far back as 1856 by Green, whose Andara is obviously Dr. Schulz's Debabe, that is, the town of the chief Debabe or Indala, successor of Andara.

Dr. Schulz and his friend, Mr. Hammar, set out from Natal with a small following in March, 1884, on a sporting and exploring expedition to the interior, a primary object being to complete the survey of the Chobe river to its sources, and generally to investigate "this unknown portion of Central South Africa." But so far from being "unknown," this was the very region where Livingstone began his wonderful career by the discovery of Lake Ngami in 1849, followed soon after by his journey up the Chobe to the west coast. Dr. Schulz also had contemplated crossing the continent by a new route, but had to abandon the project *par force majeure*. After striking the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls, the party made their way under great difficulties up the main stream to the Chobe

confluence, and then up the Chobe to a point near 23° E. longitude, where it is joined on the right bank by the Liana, a considerable stream which, they were informed by the natives, came from the Kubango (Okovanga).

Partly in order to settle this point, which is one of the few important problems still awaiting solution in the geography of Africa, Dr. Schulz conducted his people from the Chobe over new ground to the Okovanga at Debabe's. Here he practically ceased to be a free agent, and, instead of continuing his journey up stream to Benguela and the west coast, was fain to return down stream to Lake Ngami and the east coast. After suffering much from the insolence and exactions of Debabe, he suddenly found himself at the mercy of the far more powerful potentate, Moremi, King of the Batowaana (Batwana), a branch of the Bamangwato Bechuanas (King Khama's people), who have been dominant in the Ngami district since the beginning of the present century. In 1883 this district had been invaded by a large body of Matabili marauders, who, although repulsed with great loss, were threatening to return and wipe out the Batwanas, and it was reported that they were being aided by a number of whites, among others the Schulz party, whose movements had been carefully followed ever since their arrival in the Zambesi country. Thus it happened that at Debabe's they received peremptory orders to descend the river to the lake, where for a moment they were in imminent peril of receiving short shrift as spies of the dreaded and detested Matabili. Having escaped this fate by a lucky chance, they had no option but to retrace their steps through Bechuanaland and Transvaal to Natal, which was re-entered in January 1885.

That Dr. Schulz was thus prevented from completing his survey of the exceedingly intricate Zambesi-Kubango hydrographic system is now of little consequence, because Capt. Lugard, late of Uganda, is at present engaged in a thorough investigation of the whole region north and west of Lake Ngami. But if it be asked whether it was worth while issuing, after such a lapse of time, this record of half-accomplished work in the field of African research, the answer must be a decided affirmative. Apart altogether from its geographical importance, the book deals with an immense variety of topics—historical, ethnological, zoological, and botanical; abounds with sporting incidents and personal reminiscences of all kinds; while its character-sketches are so numerous and graphically drawn, the style so pleasant and unpretentious, that "The New Africa" will certainly take a permanent place among the most instructive and best-written works of travel in the English language.

There is much in the book which will not be at all pleasant reading for those English sentimentalists whose sympathies are reserved for the Boers, the Matabili, and other opponents of the paramount power in South Africa.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain. Second Edition Revised. By Sir John Evans. (Longmans & Co.)

The Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain is in this new edition increased by a hundred pages and sixty-eight new woodcuts. New neolithic implements are represented, chiefly examples of extreme beauty and rarity, though on p. 325 a familiar tool of everyday use is welcome. Prof. Boyd Dawkins lends eight woodcuts, the spoil of the northern caves. The horse's head—the earliest effort of pictorial art as yet obtained on English soil—finds here a most fitting place. Lastly are engravings of early implements, chiefly secured by the prescient persistence and figured by the skilful graver of Mr. Worthington Smith. The chief additions to the text are in the second portion of the work where the earlier or paleolithic period is under discussion. This could hardly have been otherwise, for while the products of neolithic handiwork have excited curiosity for two hundred years, it was chiefly the appearance of the first edition of this work, twenty-five years ago, which prompted local inquirers to look for hidden treasure in their several neighbourhoods. Searches were made, often fruitless for years, but finally rewarded. Sir John Evans shows the old quality of thoroughness in the fulness with which he has incorporated in the present edition the most important of these discoveries in our own country, as well as those made abroad which throw additional light on his subject.

In one place only do we find any trace of a new departure. On p. 608 Sir John says that the discoveries of Mr. Harrison, of Ightham, "have done much to revolutionise our ideas as to the age and character of the Drift deposits capping the chalk downs in western Kent." He assents, we understand, to the argument of the late Sir Joseph Prestwich, which proved, as we think, conclusively that the oldest implements are found in situations quite unconnected with our present rivers, and were deposited there by natural agencies long anterior to the existing system of drainage. This, however, is entirely in harmony with the principles laid down in the first edition, where Sir John, then Dr. Evans, repeatedly asserts that he does not profess to have found the handiwork of the earliest man, but is perfectly willing to accept man of an earlier, even of a Tertiary, date—only it must be on sufficient evidence. Sound evidence of an earlier, perhaps the earliest known, stage of the paleolithic period is found in western Kent, and is accepted.

Thus the old lines are very strictly observed; and it may not be amiss to sketch what those lines were, how much they achieved. The object of the original book was to figure every distinct type of stone implement found in Britain, to record the circumstances under which it was found, and to indicate its probable use. The method owed much to the example of such predecessors as Sir Richard Colt Hoare, but

the value of the work lay in the thoroughness of the performance. The old reproach still clung to the antiquary that his thoughts were given to isolated facts, if not to trifles; and that his discoveries led nowhere, for like the needy knife-grinder he had no story to tell. With the work of Sir John Evans the English antiquary appeared as the historian of his native country; his pages spoke not of the fights and factions of a few latter centuries, but of the age of mankind; they revealed to our eyes not the mingled grandeur and meanness of individual characters, but vista upon vista of human life struggling upwards and extending backwards through unrecorded time. Such was the story; and it was told so plainly, in such a human sort of way, that, though we continue to differ from the author on several controversial points, his work always calls to our mind the monumental stones which the warrior-judge raised of old upon the plains of Gilgal, to be in present time a removal of reproach and a memorial to future generations.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Posterity. (Williams & Norgate.)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; and that is why men are so fond of turning from the real world to the building of "Republics," "Cities of God," and "Utopias." But they usually build after the manner of the dramatist who asserted that he had noted all Shakespeare's defects and avoided them, thus attaining perfection. The constructor of the ideal state has only to hit upon the points in which man is a failure as a social animal, and omit them. The anonymous author of this book imagines a man who is rendered unconscious by a friendly doctor and sealed up in a glass receptacle. He awakens in a comfortable bed and the twenty-second century. This occupies three pages, and the remaining 160 are taken up by an exposition of twenty-second century manners delivered by the gentleman who attends the new Rip Van Winkle's bedside. In the interval between now and then a dead set has been made at Great Britain, which has been invaded—unsuccessfully—by France, Germany, and Russia. Germany has deposed the Emperor and adopted Socialism, with the result that all capable men emigrated, and no one could be induced to work. England, warned by this example, has organised a State which gives to everybody the fullest freedom of competition. But the State is very particular as to the health and behaviour of its citizens. Falsehood is punished by imprisonment, and the incorrigible liar is put to death. The exponent of twenty-second century ways explains that a certificate of citizenship is required before the awakened sleeper can take up his quarters, and that a medical examination is necessary.

"Your lungs might be consumptive, and then you would be ordered to a dry, cool climate. Your liver might be disordered, in which case the police must be called in. A diseased liver is certain to result in unsocial conduct; ill-temper, selfishness, arbitary

action, imputations which generate ill-feeling, ungenerous criticism by others, make it desirable to isolate the individual. The sentence pronounced in such cases is usually confined to a few months' hard labour on a strict diet, with frequent bathing and such slight mental exertion as the patient can bear."

The twenty-second century has its own view of crime and punishment.

"A well-known society lady had spread a report that a rival was the daughter of a man who had been convicted of crime. It was true, but the malice was evident, and she was sentenced to three months' hard work as a charwoman at the parish hospital."

But this book suffers from the common defect of all such speculations upon the future. It does not develop human nature upon the lines which it has hitherto followed; it transforms it. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that man is a selfish animal, and progresses by means of selfishness. For example, a man does not take the trouble to invent a new quick-firing gun because he loves his country, but primarily because he wants to increase his reputation and his income. But this is how the twenty-second century man feels:

"The spirit of the age is expressed in self-effacement for others' good, in gentleness and purity, in courtesy, in charity, and in consideration for the weak and for the poor in spirit. To revel in the knowledge that we have sacrificed our own ease and comfort in order to promote the well-being of our less fortunate, to infuse the lives of the suffering and the poor with something of beauty and of grace; these are objects sufficiently elevating to satisfy the most exalted ambition."

It is obvious enough that a nation of men who took self-effacement for their ideal would never have brought the British nation to the commanding position which the author imagines it to occupy two centuries hence. A book of this kind can be of serious interest only when known tendencies are followed out to their legitimate development. And the only case of such natural development which we have discovered in *Posterity* is that of the *Times*. The daily edition of the *Times* consists of four neatly bound quarto volumes!

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Views of London and Views of the Ancient Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield. Photographed by Freeman Dovaston. (Published by the Author.)

THESE little albums of London views should be extended to a series of some length. They recommend themselves at once by their reasonable size and the refined neatness of their brown-paper covers. Mr. Dovaston has necessarily been compelled to photograph the usual subjects, but this makes it the easier to compare his work with recognised standards, a test which it bears extremely well. We have never seen the Monument treated better than it is here, nor the beautiful line of gables forming the front of Staple Inn, in Holborn. In the second of these albums, that dealing with the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great,

the photographs are equally good, having regard to the fact that many of them had to be taken by flash-light or in unfavourable conditions of natural light. We fancy that Mr. Dovaston has spared no pains to secure the purest morning light for every out-door photograph. The photographs are faced by brief notes, which are clear and sufficient without rising above the suitable level of such things. Mr. Dovaston has wisely photographed Trafalgar Square from the south-west corner, thus including St. Martin's Church and excluding the Grand Hotel, whose contour is as dull and round as a Stilton cheese. The style of the following sentence concerning the Bank of England certainly could be improved: "This greatest monetary establishment in the world, and where the interest of the national debt is paid, was first projected by Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691." But these are trivial matters, and Mr. Dovaston's albums will do.

The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon. By H. Snowden Ward and Catharine Weld Ward. (Dawbarn & Ward.)

THIS is a very complete and careful guide to Shakespeare's birthplace. The writers have this word to say on accommodation in Stratford:

"As to lodgment in Stratford-on-Avon, our duty is mainly to protest against the old and erroneous idea that prohibitive prices rule in the town. It is an old tradition that Stratford can be better and more cheaply 'done' by staying in Leamington than by staying in Stratford itself. If this had truth at any time it is quite a mistake now, for Stratford has hotel and lodging-house accommodation to suit all tastes and pockets. Residence outside the town is not only a waste of time and money, but, worst of all, it prevents the enjoyment of the evenings and early mornings, which are, in Shakespeare's land, so truly charming."

With this encouragement to the reader the authors proceed to take him "The Tour of the Town," and various wider tours in the neighbourhood. All the objects which are venerated by Shakespearean students are described and commented upon with knowledge. We observe that the authors lay it down that John Shakespeare was a Catholic. It has just been argued strongly, in a book written for the purpose, that the poet's father was a strict Protestant.

The A B C of the X Rays. By William H. Meadowcroft. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THERE is no particular merit to be noted about this treatise on "radiography" beyond that it is small. Even so it might advantageously have been made a good deal smaller by omitting a number of chapters on the theory of electricity and manufacture of apparatus, which are either useless or irrelevant. This applies especially to a chapter on frictional machines. Nobody, it is to be presumed, would use a frictional machine for exciting a Crooke's tube if he could get anything else; and to drag in the old, old illustrated chapter on the various methods of producing static electricity, from Volta and the electrophorus downwards, is

simply to pad. There are some people, however, who cannot write a line on electricity without going back to the science of the nursery.

As for Mr. Meadowcroft's information on the subject of Röntgen rays, it is not much less, and certainly not more, than has been at the disposal of everybody for months past. It takes no account of recent developments in England or Germany, and tells us absolutely nothing new. The latest and most improved form of tubes—Swinton's graduating ones, for instance, and those of Mr. Herbert Jackson—are not mentioned. This may be due to the fact, surmised by us, that Mr. Meadowcroft resides in America, where his book was printed, and where (as in Judee) they do not know everything. On no other supposition can we account for his holding up Edison either as an authority on the X Ray question, or as the "inventor" of the fluoroscope. Edison's claims in these two respects (if, indeed, he himself makes them) are regarded as jokes in the world of science.

The Story of the Chemical Elements. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. (George Newnes.)

THE author has handled his unpromising materials so dexterously that his book is extremely interesting. Not only will its perusal give a good general idea of chemical science to the popular reader, but the later chapters may be read with advantage by anyone beginning the study of organic chemistry.

Hygiene for Beginners. By E. S. Reynolds, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS small text-book is designed to aid pupils preparing for the South Kensington examination. Before treating of hygiene, Dr. Reynolds gives a few introductory chapters on anatomy and physiology. The work is carefully and skilfully written, and contains a mass of useful information in a remarkably small compass. The numerous illustrations and diagrams will be found of great use to both teacher and scholar.

Physics Note-book. By J. C. P. Aldous. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN this note-book numerous typical experiments are briefly described, space being left for the pupil's drawings and remarks. The printed notes will prevent the student from losing sight of the principles which the experiments illustrate. The book should prove of great value to teachers of elementary physics.

A Junior Course of Practical Chemistry. (Eighth edition.) By Francis Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE present edition of this well-known book has been printed from fresh type, and contains much new matter for the use of students preparing for various examinations. Mr. Jones has also revised the separation tables and has prefixed an explanation to each. The book is greatly enhanced in value by these modifications, and contains all that can be needed by the student of elementary practical chemistry.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

"THE MARTIAN."

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Mr. Du Maurier's posthumous story follows its two predecessors, *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*, in fantastic plot and Bohemian flavour. The main story is of Barty Josselin, artist and novelist, and the secret of his extraordinary magnetic qualities and personal merits. His life is described from infancy to death, his schooldays in Paris having particular notice. There are many illustrations from Mr. Du Maurier's pencil. This book is reviewed on this page. (Harper Brothers. 471 pp. 6s.)

"THE GADFLY."

BY E. L. VOYNICH.

A long novel of Italian political life by an American. This book is being read in America with the keenest interest. The Gadfly is one Felice Rivarez, a conspirator, so called from his sharp tongue and the satirical articles which he wrote in French papers—a stammerer, a cynic, and a figure from whom it is impossible to withhold admiration. (W. Heinemann. 373 pp. 6s.)

"THE INVISIBLE MAN."

BY H. G. WELLS.

Mr. Wells in this story resorts to farce. It is more in the manner of *The Wheels of Chance* than of his other books, and tells the tale of a man who, like Old Peter in the *Bab Ballads*, became invisible, while his suit of clothes "did not." Given such an accomplishment as invisibility, there is no one capable of working it out with more ingenuity and humour than Mr. Wells. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

"MIDDLE GREYNESS."

BY A. J. DAWSON.

A long novel of life in London and at the Antipodes, by the author of *Mere Sentiment*. It was at first, says the author, entitled "The Beach-comber." He adds in his prefatory note the wish that his readers will remember that when Horatio spoke half incredulously of the "strange" nature of a certain moving tale, Hamlet replied to him, saying: "And therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome." (John Lane. 458 pp. 4s. 6d.)

"A CHILD IN THE TEMPLE."

BY FRANK MATHEW.

The form of this book is more attractive than that of most stories. Mr. Lane apparently cannot publish a forbidding volume. Mr. Mathew is a young Irish writer whose *Wood of the Brambles* caused persons who read it to hope for more work from the same hand. *A Child in the Temple* is slight: an idyll of the "Sweet Lavender" order, with a prologue laid in Ireland, and the rest of the story in London. The Temple is the Temple, E.C. (John Lane. 177 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"THE QUEEN OF THE JESTERS."

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Pemberton is the author of a sheaf of romances, to which he is busily adding. Among them are *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Little Huguenot*. His new story is a series of episodes in the life of Corinne de Montesson, who in the reign of Louis XV. established herself, says the author, in an old house in the Rue St. Paul, and there, surrounded by a little band of wits, scientists, and adventurers, she made it her ambition to become acquainted with the dens of Paris. *The Queen of the Jesters* is illustrated. (C. A. Pearson. 332 pp. 6s.)

"A DAY'S TRAGEDY."

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

This is a curious departure in the making of fiction. Prose is a good enough medium for the ordinary story-teller; but Mr. Upward, with the idea, possibly, of being true to his name, soars into verse. *A Day's Tragedy* is described as a Novel in Rhyme. It begins:

"'Guilty or not?'"

Then a great stir
Quickened the crowded theatre."

The metre is octosyllabic, varied by an occasional line of four beats. The novel has a few illustrations. (Chapman & Hall. 253 pp. 6s.)

"THE CHARMER."

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Mr. Bullock's *Awkward Squad* proved him to be a writer of humour. *The Charmer* is in a similar vein. Its sub-title is "A Seaside Comedy," and it is an Irish story of flirtation. The brogue lies thick on every page. It has a few pictures. (James Bowden. 275 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"THE SKIPPER'S WOOING."

BY W. W. JACOBS.

Mr. Jacobs is the new and acceptable humorist who in *Many Cargoes* gave us the comedy and farce of barge and lugger life on the lower Thames. That book was a collection of short stories. *The Skipper's Wooing* is practically an expansion of the author's ordinary medium. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

"THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER."

BY VAL NIGHTINGALE.

The name of the Devil's Daughter was Diabline, and she played the fiddle like an angel. A story of hectic life. (Digby, Long & Co. 306 pp. 6s.)

"PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE."

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A serious novel, by the authoress of *Jan Vedder's Wife* and *Friend Olivia*. Time: Early part of this century. Scene: Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands. The two last chapters are called "The Lowest Hell" and "At last it is Peace." Eleven good illustrations, but the artist's name is omitted. (T. Fisher Unwin. 240 pp. 6s.)

"SYBIL FAIRLEIGH."

BY S. ELIZABETH HALL.

"Tea-visits, letter-writing, church-going," and the usual round of country life, with some unusual happenings, including an attempt at suicide by Sybil—"on the table a phial labelled 'poison,' the glass at her lips. Over its brim she slowly turned on him eyes as of a soul in hell." (Digby, Long & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

"THE PLAGIARIST."

BY WILLIAM MYRTLE.

Scene: Edinburgh (the author calls the city "Scotland's Romantic Capital"). Has a motive similar to *The Giant's Robe*. (Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 218 pp. 2s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

A GREAT AMATEUR.

The Martian. By George Du Maurier.
(Harper & Brothers.)

It is an ungrateful task to criticise Mr. Du Maurier. His books came from him so frankly as a good-will offering, as the best of himself that he could give, that we hate to look them, as it were, in the mouth. Moreover, the brain that devised and remembered so much for our beguilement is now still for ever. It is better to praise where we can and leave the rest; especially as, strictly speaking, George Du Maurier was not a novelist at all: he was a chronicler, a gossip. He wrote for pleasure, and he wished either to be read or let alone. "Criticise my work," he might have said, "my black and white, but leave my play as it is." His books were indeed sheer play. Thackeray certainly was his model, but the pupil went only a short way with the master—falling behind so quickly that, if the charm of individuality were wanting, his books, and particularly *The Martian*, would often be intolerable. In the hands of a little man, such tricks of digression and button-holing are not to be endured. But Mr. Du Maurier, though not exactly great, was yet not a little man—his point of view was his own, and to many persons it was a fascinating one to occupy, while he added to it perhaps the pleasantest gift of reminiscence that any modern author has possessed, and a measure of weird invention. These qualities, however, do not make for

the production of a good novel. On the contrary, they may continually lead their possessor astray from the real issue. Such was the case with Mr. Du Maurier, who was always straying. A less dramatic writer it would be hard to find. His puppets are without power of their own: they themselves do nothing, are nothing: we have only Mr. Du Maurier's testimony that they lived and delighted their fellows. The true novelist, of course, not only alleges but proves. It is when Mr. Du Maurier recollects an unimportant or irrelevant personage, and offers a glimpse of him in half a page, that we are persuaded. Some of those odd wayfarers who, as it were, pass before our window and disappear again, are credible enough; whereas the chief actors—the Peter Ibbetsons, the Barty Josselins, the Svengalis, the Trilbys—are rarely to be taken seriously. What, then, is the reason for the extraordinary popularity of this amateur of fiction? Briefly, it is a pure matter of personality. The style is the man, and the man is among the most agreeable of companions.

Contrasted with the lot of the ordinary professional novelist who writes for a living from his youth upwards, and puts as little as possible rather than as much as possible into each new story, Mr. Du Maurier's career as a writer was almost ideal. The work of his life was done in black and white, which exacted the best energies of his most vigorous years. Then, when fame and fortune were his, and he had earned the right to rest, he turned, with the delight of a child on a holiday, to the making of books. He squandered himself on the joyous task. He wrote primarily for his own amusement, and made his books mirror the life he best loved. His three books (he had time only for three) tell us everything of their author. Fiction and autobiography are inextricably intertwined. Himself and his friends, his boyhood and youth, his preferences and dislikes—these are the framework of all three: the story is mere accessory. "George Du Maurier in three volumes" would be a fair embracive title. The books tell us his favourite artists and authors, his favourite musicians and songs, his ideals of manhood and womanhood, his creed, and a thousand secrets beside. If you care for Mr. Du Maurier's type of mind, you will care for his writings; if you like his writings, you must like his mind: it is a case of "Love me, love my dog," and "Love my dog, love me." No author ever wore his heart on his sleeve as Mr. Du Maurier did, although many have set out to do so with more protestations of frankness.

The result is that *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby*, and *The Martian* are very bad art, but very good entertainment. To English readers, and more particularly to Americans, they have been a revelation. Americans, of course, have lost their heads a little, because good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, and in the Parisian background to these stories consists much of their charm. It is the Paris of dreams—the gay, entrancing, careless, vivacious Paris that people want to believe in. It is the Paris of Murger, and his irresponsible, joyous young men, restored to us; to the confusion and rout of M. Zola and the *naturalistes*, and the evil-smelling, evil-doing Paris of their works. Again, Mr. Du Maurier's Bohemianism is attractive; it never oversteps the bounds; it is never ugly, never out of control. Commonplace readers can as they read almost believe themselves also to be artists! And another charm is the air of wistfulness that pervades the pages. Mr. Du Maurier remembered his youth so gracefully, and with such tender regrets. He was a prince of sentimentalists. People like this. A title-page which, like that of *The Martian*, bears the quotation:

"Après le plaisir vient la peine;
Après la peine, la vertu."

is certain to be desired; although, as a matter of fact, many books have deserved the motto more thoroughly than *The Martian* does. I should say that the interest of Mr. Du Maurier's plots was the least potent of his attractions. His plots were too fantastic, too improbable, for the average man. None the less one would expect an instructive return if a census could be taken of Mr. Du Maurier's readers who have crossed their feet at night in the hope of dreaming as Peter Ibbetson did, or have left writing materials by their bedsides to Jure, like Barty Josselin, an astral adviser from the sky.

This brings me to *The Martian*, the third and last of the trilogy. It may be said at the outset that of the three stories *Peter Ibbetson* has the best workmanship, *Trilby* is the most interesting, and *The Martian* is richest in charm. *The Martian* strikes me as having

been more a labour of love to the author than were even the other two. It reads as though it was his own favourite. It is more Thackerayan in manner than its predecessors—and Thackeray was, of course, the writer's ideal as a novelist—and there is more of Mr. Du Maurier in its pages. Nominally the book is edited by Mr. Du Maurier from the MS. of Sir Robert Maurice, wine merchant and politician; but the wine merchant and politician are quickly forgotten, and whenever one meets with an "I" one thinks first of Mr. Du Maurier. Artistically *The Martian* would be an infinitely better book were it reduced to the first three parts, or about one hundred and fifty pages, and called "Barty Josselin's Schooldays," or something of the kind. There is no doubt whatever that as it stands the book is too long and too uneventful. *Trilby* spoiled us for an uneventful story. But the early chapters are sheer delight. They give us Mr. Du Maurier at his best—gay, tender, mercurial, humorous, always a hero worshipper, often whimsically intolerant, often trivial, if you like, but never for an instant dull or unworthy. Most authors enjoy writing about their schooldays; but none can have come to the labour with more enthusiasm than Mr. Du Maurier; the result being that we have in this section of *The Martian* an addition to the literature of schooldays which has very high merit and unique charm. The story of the Institution Brossard will give delight for many years to come. Later in the book are scenes and figures which will always be recalled with pleasure, but in my opinion Barty Josselin will live by virtue of his boyhood. Here is the account of the beginnings of the only fight that Barty and Bob Maurice (the narrator) ever had. It was the day on which their schoolmaster died, and they were sitting apart reading a story by Chateaubriand together:

"If I remember aright, René, a very sentimental young Frenchman, who had loved the wrong person not wisely, but too well (a very wrong person, indeed, in his case), emigrated to North America, and there he met a beautiful Indian maiden, one Atala, of the Natchez tribe, who had rosy heels, and was charming, and whose entire skin was probably a warm dark red, although this was not insisted upon. She also had a brother, whose name was Outogamiz.

Well, René loved Atala, Atala loved René, and they were married; and Outogamiz went through some ceremony besides, which made him blood-brother and bosom friend to René—a bond which involved certain obligatory rites and duties and self-sacrifices.

Atala died and was buried. René died and was buried also; and every day, as in duty bound, poor Outogamiz went and pricked a vein, and bled over René's tomb, till he died himself of exhaustion before he was many weeks older. I quote entirely from memory.

This simple story was told in very touching and beautiful language, by no means telegraphese, and Barty and I were deeply affected by it.

"I say, Bob!" Barty whispered to me with a break in his voice, "some day I'll marry your sister, and we'll all go off to America together, and she'll die, and I'll die, and you shall bleed yourself to death on my tomb!"

"No," said I, after a moment's thought. "No—look here! I'll marry your sister, and I'll die, and you shall bleed over my tomb!"

Then, after a pause—

"I haven't got a sister, as you know quite well—and if I had she wouldn't be for you!" says Barty.

"Why not?"

"Because you're not good-looking enough!" says Barty."

This is admirable. Boys are made just so. Here is another passage:

"In front of me that dishonest little sneak Rapaud, with a tall parapet of books before him to serve as a screen, one hand shading his eyes, and an inkless pen in the other, was scratching his copy-book with noisy earnestness, as if time were too short for all he had to write about the pious Æneas' recitative, while he surreptitiously read the *Comte de Monte Cristo*, which lay open in his lap—just at the part where the body, sewn up in a sack, was going to be hurled into the Mediterranean. I knew the page well. There was a splash of red ink upon it.

It made my blood boil with virtuous indignation to watch him, and I coughed and hemmed again and again to attract his attention, for his back was nearly towards me. He heard me perfectly, but took no notice whatever, the deceitful little beast. He was to have given up *Monte Cristo* to me at half-past two, and here it was twenty minutes to three! Besides which, it was my *Monte Cristo*, bought with my own small savings, and smuggled into school by me at great risk to myself.

"Maurice!" said M. Bonzig.

"Oui, M'sieu!" said I. I will translate—

"You shall conjugate and copy out for me forty times the compound verb 'I cough without necessity to distract the attention of my comrade Rapaud from his Latin exercise.'"

"Moi, M'sieu?" I ask innocently.
 "Oui, vous!"
 "Bien, M'sieu!"

It may seem odd that these passages are quoted to the exclusion of any remarks about the main story; but the main story is not as important as it might be. Mr. Du Maurier did less than usual to make it credible. Put briefly, we are confronted with an Admirable Crichton—artist, guardsman, musician, novelist, athlete, fencer, poet, perfect man, perfect lover—in Barty Josselin, and are asked to believe that his fortunes were to some extent controlled by a sympathetic soul in Mars called Martia, who writes him letters of instruction in painfully mundane English. Luckily this idea matters nothing, because the book has better things than Barty in it. As a boy Barty is a delight, but we lose touch with him in later life. Mr. Du Maurier lavished pains to make him a prince of men, and he moves us hardly more than a statue. Perfection is not a good trap for sympathy. On the other hand, he moved among delightful people, such as Père Polyphème and M. Bonzig, and, as I have said before, he had perfect schooldays. Hence all is well with the reader. Here is the description of little Barty's introduction to the Rohans, his guardians—a piece of genuine Du Maurier:

"Lady Archibald was delighted with the child, who was quite beautiful. She fell in love with the little creature at the first sight of him—and fed him, on the evening of his arrival, with crumpets and buttered toast, and in return he danced 'La Dieppoise' for her, and sang her a little ungrammatical ditty in praise of wine and women. It began:

'Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc
 De ce vin le meilleur du monde . . .
 Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc
 De ce vin, car il est très-bon!
 Si je n'en beuvions pas,
 J'aurions la pépi-e!
 Ce qui me . . .

I have forgotten the rest—indeed, I am not quite sure that it is fit for the drawing-room.

"Ah, mon Dieu! quel amour d'enfant! Oh, gardons-le!" cried my lady; and they kept him.

I can imagine the scene. Indeed, Lady Archibald has described it to me, and Barty remembered it well. It was his earliest English recollection, and he has loved buttered toast and crumpets ever since—as well as women and wine."

The book is all in this key. The end is abrupt and unconvincing, but *en route* there is so much entertainment: tender memories and whimsical reflections; beautiful women and grotesque men; and in and between the lines of every page you may see the author—so impatient of tedium, so vigilant for what is comely and interesting, so continually faithful to the old, so bravely boyish, and so incorrigibly and delightfully French.

Scottish Border Life. By James C. Dibdin.
 (Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Dibdin is one of the men who bring upon Scotsmen the unjust discredit of not being able to understand a joke. He is ambitious; he is earnest; he is dull. I should be glad to learn that he is young. If he has seen fewer than thirty summers, this book should not be counted against him.

The first of the new tales of the Border concerns Mr. Timothy Monyflower. Mr. Monyflower was the sole survivor of a large family of sons. All the others had died of consumption. Mr. Timothy seemed like to follow suit; but he did not. Much against the wills of his mother and the family physician, he quitted home for Glasgow University with a hacking cough. Instead of dying, he became a scholarlike man of the world. He drank heavily; but he was brilliant. Soon after his return home he fell in love and ceased to drink too much. At the bidding of her father, however, the lady refused to have him; and he took to the flowing bowl again. Then came "the annual County Ball." Mr. Timothy Monyflower was there. He was "in the refreshment-room," of course; and, the talk of the bacchanals having "drifted to the subject of women," "some one taunted Monyflower with having been jilted, hinting, even, that no girl would have him." Thereupon Mr. Monyflower, having "dashed his glass to the floor,"

entered the ball-room, stopped the dance, and made a speech. "I am a man of few words," he said, "and what I have to say concerns the ladies. I have been jilted by one young lady, and I have been told to-night that not a girl in the Borders will have me—there's my hand, and the girl that first grasps it firm I shall marry her." After a long pause, the daughter of a farmer, who had adored the sot from a distance, seized the chance: mainly, I must allow, from chivalrous pity. She went home with him; her father followed the carriage; the sot and the prospective father-in-law spent the night, and a fortnight, in drinking. As the sot had suddenly become rich, the father of his first love and the love herself called at the sot's house, and had called again; but the sot would have none of them. He married the maid who had taken his dirty hand. She died, of course, and he went wrong; and that is the whole story. Mr. Dibdin tells the tale with much unction.

All the other stories are just as prosy as that about the sot. Usually Mr. Dibdin is grammatically correct; but his mincing gentility is abominable. He calls a godfather "god-papa." He says that events "transpire." A man is never a man to him: a man is always an "individual." The physician who did his best for the sot is "the sycophantic knight of pill and poultice." Mr. Dibdin speaks of "the desperation of despair." He has a "Master of Ceremonies" at the County Ball: there is no such person at a county ball. He calls the Free Church of Scotland a "Kirk": the only institution to which that word is applicable is the Church of Scotland. Likewise, seeking to pose as a metaphysician, he speaks about an "objective consciousness of ideas upon religious subjects": that is bosh.

Fortune's Footballs. By G. B. Burgin.
 (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

Mr. Burgin is better company when he writes humorously about Four Corners than when he would seriously transfer London life to his pages. A man who describes an elemental community is allowed a certain amount of rope which we cannot grant to the social critic in our midst. Mr. Burgin knows too little of human nature as it is ever to make a good novel, but of a comic variety of human nature as it might be he is an agreeable historian. *Fortune's Footballs* is a tissue of improbable incidents and impossible persons put forward by its author seriously as a credible story. As, however, he has shown no power of imparting any semblance of reality to his puppets, few readers will be deceived. Not even the following passage, from the description of a first night, is "convincing":

"Davenport Adams smiled benignantly at the beautiful young actress led on by Tregennis; Joseph Knight began to scribble hurried notes; and Clement Scott glided away with that expression on his face which always forewarns people not to speak to him until he has written his critique."

The story itself, to anyone not concerned with literary distinction, will fill an idle hour passably. Villainy is punished, and virtue triumphs, in the old inexorable manner, and the last words are of love. But there are hard things on the way. There is, for example, a man described as "a lineal descendant of Baron Munchausen, not wholly unacquainted with the conversational methods of Ananias."

Tales of the Rock. By Mary Anderson.
 (Downey.)

This little volume of short stories has at least one good point: the stories gain a certain coherence of effect from the similarity of scene. They are all tales of Gibraltar; nevertheless, I cannot say that I have much more idea of life on "the Rock" than I had before reading it. I am not conscious of the least desire to visit Gibraltar or avoid it. Only one of the stories, "Dwellers in Linea," contrives to get a picturesque and novel interest with its account of running contraband tobacco by the help of trained dogs, who swim ashore carrying it. The same tale relates a most remarkable instance of Spanish cruelty and callousness which I should hesitate about believing. But, upon the whole, the book is a collection of trivial enough little tales, which, however, are not tedious, and do not sin against either taste or grammar.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PRODUCERS and PUBLISHERS of
PERMANENT CARBON PHOTOGRAPHS
OF
FAMOUS WORKS OF ART.

Catalogues and Price Lists upon application.

THE NORWICH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. A Series of Plates, printed in various Colours, after Colman, Crome, Leman, Lound, Bright, Stark, Vincent, etc.

THE TATE COLLECTION (NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART). A large number of the Pictures now Exhibited at Millbank have been published in Autotype, including the Chief Works of G. F. WATTS, R.A. Further additions are being made, and will be announced shortly.

BRITISH ARTISTS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA. From the recent Guildhall Loan Collection. Average size, 18 x 15 inches. Price 12s.

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and SCULPTURE by the OLD MASTERS. A large Collection of Permanent Photographs of the Chief Treasures of Art contained in the Public and Private Collections of Europe. Paintings and Sculpture in one uniform size, price 12s.; Drawings on the Scale of the Originals at prices ranging from 1s. 6d. to 10s. each.

The AUTOTYPE COMPANY will be pleased to advise upon, and to undertake, the REPRODUCTION OF WORKS OF ART of every character, both for Book Illustration, and on a larger scale for the Portfolio or for Mural Decoration. Price Lists and Estimates free upon application.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY
FINE ART GALLERY,
74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

EPPS'S COCOAINE.

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.
(TEA-LIKE.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa are being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely flavoured powder—"Cocaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled Tins.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."
ON SEPTEMBER 24TH, Crown 8vo, 6s.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,
AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS," "WITH EDGED TOOLS," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY OLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

ON SEPTEMBER 25TH, Crown 8vo, 6s.

ONE OF THE BROKEN BRIGADE.

By OLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY,
AUTHOR OF "SNAP," "THE QUEENSBERRY CUP," &c.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY."

The following have already appeared this year:—

SAMUEL RICHARDSON ...	January	2	ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON ...	April	17
THOMAS DE QUINCEY ...	"	9	HENRY WADSWORTH LONG-}	"	24
LEIGH HUNT ...	"	16	FELLOW ...	"	"
LORD MACAULAY ...	"	23	ANDREW MARVELL ...	May	1
ROBERT SOUTHEY ...	"	30	ROBERT BROWNING ...	"	8
S. T. COLERIDGE ...	February	6	THOMAS CARLYLE ...	"	15
CHARLES LAMB ...	"	13	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY ...	"	22
MICHAEL DRAYTON ...	"	20	CHARLES DICKENS ...	"	29
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ...	"	27	JONATHAN SWIFT ...	June	5
SAMUEL PEPYS ...	March	6	WILLIAM MAKEPEACE }	"	12
EDMUND WALLER ...	"	13	THACKERAY ...	"	"
WILKIE COLLINS ...	"	20	WILLIAM BLAKE ...	"	19
JOHN MILTON ...	"	27	SIR RICHARD STEELE ...	"	26
WILLIAM COWPER ...	April	3	ALEXANDER POPE ...	July	3
CHARLES DARWIN ...	"	10	DOUGLAS JERROLD ...	"	10
			FRANCIS BACON ...	"	17

STANDARD ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing. By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. New Edition, thoroughly Revised and greatly augmented. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. With Extensive Appendices, comprising List of Names in Fiction, Mythology, &c.; Key to Literary Allusions; List of English Authors, with Dates; Pronouncing List of Classical and Scriptural Names; Foreign Words and Phrases; Money, Weights, and Measures of the World; Abbreviations; Mathematical, Astronomical, Chemical, and other Signs, &c. Illustrated by nearly 800 Engravings on Wood. Large fcap. 4to, 872 pages, cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; half-persian, 10s. 6d.; half-morocco flexible, 12s. 6d.

"The book is a very handy size, and is issued at a surprisingly low price. The woodcuts are remarkably well executed. Leaving out of account the unwieldy and expensive recent editions of Webster and Worcester, we have no hesitation in saying that this is by far the most useful one-volume English dictionary at present existing."

Athenaeum.

THE CONCISE ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Literary, Scientific, Etymological, and Pronouncing. Based on Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary. By CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. New Edition, Revised and Extended, 864 pages, fcap. 4to, cloth, 6s.; roxburgh, 6s. 6d.; half-morocco, 6s.

"Stands towards other dictionaries of the smaller character in the relation of the 'Imperial' to rival lexicons—in other words, it holds the 'premier' place."—Spectator.

A SMALLER ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Etymological, Pronouncing, and Explanatory. For the Use of Schools. By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; roxburgh, 3s. 6d.

LONDON: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED,
OLD BAILEY.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

THE MARTIAN

BY
GEORGE DU MAURIER,

Author of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson."

ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT BY THE AUTHOR

Imperial 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, 6s.

AN EDITION DE LUXE, limited to 250 Copies, Printed on Dickinson's Hand-made Paper, specially manufactured for this Edition, with Frontispiece, Portrait, all the Illustrations by the Author, and Facsimile Reproductions by P. Dujardin, from Six of the Original Pencil Studies for the final Illustrations, Imperial 8vo bound in vellum and buckram, £3 2s.

SECOND EDITION OF BARRY PAIN'S
SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS.

By BARRY PAIN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"In 'The Octave of Claudius' Mr. Barry Pain has achieved a brilliant success. It is a singularly thrilling story, impossible to lay down, but the chief merits and the chief charms of the book lie in its humour, its satire, its subtle studies of character, its vivid descriptions, and its brilliant conversations."—The Sketch.

THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS.

By BARRY PAIN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [Second Edition.]

"Very absorbing, very powerful, and a very haunting story. Few people will be able to leave the book once they have started reading it; and few who have read it are likely to forget it."—The Graphic.

BLIGHT. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D.

FORBES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"Clever and successful."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"An excellent novel of society."—Manchester Guardian.

OUR WILLS AND FATES.

"Beyond question a strong book."

Manchester Guardian.

OUR WILLS AND FATES.

"Altogether a remarkable novel."—The Times.

OUR WILLS AND FATES.

By KATHERINE WYLDE.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"Natural, bold in conception, full of spirit and delicacy."

Athenaeum.

IMPORTANT NEW WORK.

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

By POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Profusely Illustrated from Drawings by R. Caton Woodville, and from Photographs by the Author.

Demy 8vo, cloth, ornamental, 18s. [September 24.]

NEW NOVEL BY M. E. FRANCIS.

MAIME O' THE CORNER.

By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL),

Author of "In a North Country Village," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. [September 24.]

NEXT WEEK.

A FAIR DECEIVER: a Novel.

By GEORGE PASTON,

Author of "A Modern Amazon," &c.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

NOTE.—List of New Books post free on application.

HARPER & BROTHERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 1324, New Series.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	YEARLY.	HALF-YEARLY.	QUARTERLY.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
If obtained of a Newsvendor or at a Railway Station . . .	0 13 0	0 6 6	0 3 3
Including Postage to any part of the United Kingdom . . .	0 15 3	0 7 8	0 3 10
Including Postage to any part of France, Germany, India, China, &c.	0 18 0	0 9 0	0 4 6

THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is late in the day for the announcement of a new work by Charles Dickens, but such a one is made by Mr. Redway. The indefatigable Mr. Kitton, who knows Dickens as Mr. Hardy knows Dorsetshire, has discovered in out-of-the-way places enough stories, articles, and essays by the novelist to make up a volume, which will shortly be published under the title *To be Read at Dusk*. It is probably not of the highest merit, but to some persons anything, however trivial, that a great man writes is of interest. Apparently there is still copyright in some of these pieces, and two editions will therefore be issued, one in England and one in America. The English edition will contain much that the American does not, and contrariwise. Hence, to have the treasure-trove complete, it will be necessary to possess both editions.

BIOGRAPHY by epigram is a dangerous experiment, the epigrammatist's wit being so frequently the enemy of truth. But the writer of the brief account of Mr. Henley which accompanies Mr. Rothenstein's portrait in *English Portraits* (Grant Richards) hits the nail on the head more than once. For example:

"He is so fine an exponent of philosophic Toryism, and has so fast a grip of its principles, that he would have been a fearful thorn in the Tory side had he gone into the House of Commons. Happily, he chose to adorn literature, and is known to us as the writer of many beautiful verses, and as the most trenchant of all our critics. His style—so wholly his own, with its curt and burnished phrases—is a trap in which several young men have come to most untimely ends: whilst others, still with us, owe much of their success to his influence and his encouragement."

THE estimate continues:

"He is a famous talker, who will listen with the utmost courtesy to anyone who dares interrupt him, and the old tag, *ex forti dulcedo* seems quite appropriate to 'Burly,' for he is as much loved by all who know him as he is feared by all whom he knows. He has written plays (much admired by every actor-manager) with Robert Louis Stevenson, has edited Burns and the *Scots Observer*, has ever been of a habit most disputative and polemic, and is supposed to admire the writings of Mr. Andrew Lang. Indeed, it is one of the most startling facts in modern ethnography that Mr. Henley is not a Scotchman."

"Burly," we take it, is derived from Mr. Stevenson's essay on "Talk and Talkers." Mr. Henley's share in *London* should certainly have been noticed, not the least curious circumstance in his career being the part played by so vigorous a mind in setting the fashion for such saccharine trifles as rondeaux, triolets, and ballades.

In connexion with the foregoing paragraphs it may be stated that the fourth and concluding volume of Messrs. Henley & Henderson's Centenary Edition of Burns, containing Mr. Henley's essay on the Life, Genius, and Achievements of the poet, which extends to upwards of one hundred pages, will be published on the 25th instant, by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. In Mr. Heinemann's announcements are included a second volume of Mr. Henley's new edition of Byron; "Macaire" and "Admiral Guinea," two of the plays written by Mr. Henley in conjunction with Mr. Stevenson; and a selection of Mr. W. S. Blunt's poems, to which Mr. Henley puts an introduction. Messrs. Methuen also announce Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics* for October.

WE understand that Mrs. Morris has decided to give up Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, and that the lease has been taken over by Mr. H. C. Marillier. Besides the interest conferred upon Kelmscott House by Mr. Morris, who made it the central scene of his Utopia in *News from Nowhere*, and erected his presses next door, there is an older legend attached to it. Sir Francis Ronalds, one of the pioneers of electric telegraphy, lived there and built what was practically the first experimental long line, carrying several miles of wire up and down the spacious garden, which is one of the principal charms of the estate. There is a medallion to the memory of Ronalds on the front of the house, put up during Mr. Morris's lifetime. How much interest the poet-decorator-socialist took in the erection is not stated—but Mr. Morris was no lover of modern science.

OF the art treasures and personal relics accumulated at Kelmscott House, a very few will be allowed to remain. The handsome Persian carpet which used to hang as a canopy in the dining room has been bought by the South Kensington Museum for £200, and the valuable Rossetti's will probably be lent by Mrs. Morris to one or other of the national collections. The Kelmscott Press, as previously announced

in the ACADEMY, will be wound-up by the executors as soon as the works now in hand are completed. As for Mr. Morris's magnificent library, that has already been sold at a very high figure to a purchaser whose name is to remain a secret.

IN the *Times* of Wednesday Mr. de Blowitz gave a short extract from the first chapter of a novel by M. Augustin Filon, just beginning in the *Revue de Paris*. The novel, which is entitled *Babel*, contains a description of a birthday celebration of the late Prince Imperial at Chislehurst, shortly after the death of Napoleon III. M. Filon, the author, having been the Prince's tutor, is in a position to give a portrait of the Prince which is interesting as an historical document. This is the passage which Mr. de Blowitz translates:

"In their midst, well in advance, a youth still slim, not very tall, but very straight, pale with the pallor of happy emotion, which his red ribbon accentuated. The glance, pure, broad, and frank, of his blue eye, dilated with enthusiasm, was directed smilingly at the friendly company, dominated it, and embraced it. A gray-haired personage—it was a fine, a venerable head—who they said was the Duke of Padua, read an address in the name of the committees. Then the Prince replied. . . . He had for France and for his family words that were filial and touching and simple. He spoke modestly and confidently of himself, of the future which seemed to him so bright, and which God was hiding behind a veil. And you felt that the rhetoric of the professors of politics went for nothing in this speech, so full of the effusion of youth and of faith. When, apropos of popular sovereignty, which was the dogma of his family, he uttered these words, '*C'est le salut et c'est le droit*,' his voice flung out this last word with so manly a vibration and an accent so energetically affirmative that all those present were startled as at the revelation of a character and a destiny. They felt themselves aroused, and a great cry went up, '*Vive l'Empereur*.'"

WHEN the time comes for Lockhart's Life of Scott to be added to Messrs. Black's Standard Edition of the Waverley Novels it will be found that the abridgment and not the complete biography has been decided upon. This, in the opinion of many persons, is a pity, although, probably, the majority would vote for the condensation. Mr. Gladstone himself, who, as a rule, is in favour of spacious literature, once expressed a wish for Lockhart in an abridged form; not for himself, it is true, but in order that more people might come to know the book. The same edition will contain also a selection of Scott's poems, edited by Mr. Lang, who has, we believe, already performed a similar task for another firm of publishers; and the *Tales of a Grandfather*, with an introduction by Dean Farrar.

EVERY few years sees a new edition of the Waverley Novels. This is as it should be, for each generation wants something newer than the editions which former generations were glad to read in. Messrs. Dent & Co. have made their popular series so attractive—the Temple Shakespeare and the Temple Classics, to wit—that we are convinced beforehand that it will be hard to resist

the edition of Scott which they are now preparing. In the Temple Classics the rule has been to omit prefaces, but in the case of Scott a revision will be made to the plan adopted with the Temple Shakespeare, and a short account of each novel will stand as introduction. These will be provided by Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

A GENTLEMAN who has been lecturing on Mr. Barrie and his writings has received an interesting note from the author of *Sentimental Tommy* touching his sojourn in Nottingham as a member of the staff of the *Nottingham Express*. Mr. Barrie writes:

"I thank you for your letter, and wish you had a better subject for your lecture. I don't know of any personal article about myself that is not imaginary and largely erroneous. But there is really nothing to tell that would interest anyone. Yes, I was in Nottingham for a year, and liked it well, though I was known to scarce any one. If you ever met an uncouth stranger wandering in the dark round the castle, ten or twelve years ago, his appearance unimpressive, a book in each pocket, and his thoughts 300 miles due north, it might have been the subject of your lecture."

The remark concerning the inaccuracy of the personal articles suggests Mr. Barrie's answer to someone who asked where he lived. "I am always at Thrums," he replied, "except when the papers say I am."

THE following advertisement is taken from an American magazine:—

Mr. Reader:

Ask your Bookseller to show you the new 25c edition of the *RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM*, published by Dodge Book and Stationery Co. How would this have struck Edward Fitzgerald in his Suffolk hermitage?

THE title of Mark Twain's new book has again been changed. It began by being *The Surviving Innocent Abroad*; then it was *More Tramps Abroad*, and now and finally it is *Following the Equator*. According to the *Critic* Mark Twain receives the colossal amount of £8,000 for this work—a sum which he will straightway hand over to his creditors, and thus reduce his debt to £4,000. At this rate we may hope very shortly to see the humorist again free from financial care.

THE *Critic* contains also the following particulars of *Following the Equator*. It contains about seventy or eighty chapters, each one of which is headed with a new Pudd'nhead Wilson maxim. One of these reads, 'The best protection of principles is prosperity.' The poster that will be used in advertising *Following the Equator* represents Mr. Clemens sitting tilted back in a steamer-chair, with a yachting cap pulled well over his eyes. Under the picture, in a facsimile of his autograph, is the line, 'Be good and you will be lonesome.' 'As there is no one in sight,' adds The Lounger, 'I take it that Mr. Clemens is good.'

THE current *Chap Book* contains "A Plea," addressed by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs to the gentlemen who criticise books. There are so many of that fraternity in our own country that we may give some publicity to the appeal on this side of the Atlantic too. Mr. Bangs's argument is thus stated:

"When Shakespeare was a novice at the art of writing plays, He'd no such competition as the men of modern days;

For when on paper first he put his pathos and his wit, The plays of William Shakespeare were of course as yet unwrit.

And so it was with Milton, when he sought life's richest pelf, He never had a foeman like his highly honoured self,

Nor was there ever on the shelves in Addison's great day Another gentle essayist to tourney for the bay."

So much being stated, Mr. Bangs puts the case for himself and his brethren of the pen:

"And so, ye critics, gently deal with those poor wights who now Are struggling for the wreath that fame puts on the worthy brow;

For it is true, past question, that the race is harder won, Because of what these giants of the gloried past have done.

Discourage not the running, if it seem not very fast, By flaunting in the runner's eyes the records of the past;

"And for those weary souls who fail—what'e'r the reason be, Grant them the consolation of your silent sympathy."

The unfortunate circumstance is that silence gives consent; which is the last thing that one wishes to suggest to so many of these failures.

THE *Beauties of Marie Corelli* are before us. They came here in the waste hours of last Tuesday afternoon—insidiously—in a small green volume, pp. 124. Some are short, some are middling long; and long or short they are all culled by Annie Mackay from the gifted and popular authoress's works. We refrain from criticism, but we cannot refrain from writing down some—a poor six—of the *Beauties* that leapt at us as we roamed the pages. The first has all the freshness of a spring morning:

"Methinks those who are best beloved of the gods are chosen first to die."—From *Ardath*.

"The heart-whole appreciation of the million is by no means so 'vulgar' as it is frequently considered."—*Ibid*.

"We are never grateful enough to the candid persons who wake us from our dreams."—From *Vendetta*.

"Who can adequately describe the thrilling excitement attending an aristocratic 'crush'?"—From *Thelma*.

"Genius is a big thing; I do not assume to possess it."—From *The Murder of Delicia*.

"Great Heavens!"—From *Ziska*.

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

I.—DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote for a paltry two shillings! That is the latest exploit of cheap printing, and Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. are responsible for it. I should hope that many, like myself, will be delighted with so easy an opportunity of renewing a delightful acquaintance; and those who have not yet made it have no excuse now for delay. I cannot say I care for the illustrations, which seem to me a peculiarly cheap travesty of the style of Daniel Vierge; but they are few, and need not concern the reader. The translation is the old one of Jarvis. Now, Jarvis was no master of style; but he had the inestimable advantage of living in the eighteenth century, when a fascinating style was in the air, and consequently he is a most pleasant and stimulating change from the featureless style of the average modern novel. I have spent some charming hours with this treasure brought to my gate. Was there ever so strange a book as this *Don Quixote*? To what class shall we assign it? Solitary, singular, it will not be pigeon-holed; your literary entomologists shall ticket it, *genus* and *sub-genus* it, at their peril. It is complex beyond measure. It is a piece of literary duplicity without precedent or succession; nay, duplicity within duplicity, a sword turning all ways, like that which guarded "unpermitted Eden" (to quote a cancelled verse of Rossetti's *Love's Nocturn*). Let not Swift say that he was born to introduce and refine irony. The irony of Cervantes is refined and dangerous beyond the irony of Swift; Swift's is obvious beside it. All irony is double-tongued; but whether it be the irony of Swift, or Swift's predecessors, or Swift's successors, it has this characteristic: that its duplicity is (so to speak) a one-sided duplicity; if you do not take the inner meaning, you read baffled, without pleasure, without admiration, without comprehension. "Who are you a-getting at?" is the reader's feeling. But this strange irony, this grave irony, this broadly-laughing irony, of the strange, grave, humorous Spaniard, delights even those who have not a touch of the ironic in their composition. They laugh at the comic mask, who cannot see the melancholy face behind it. It is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in the vizard of Sancho Panza; and all laugh, while some few have tears in their laughter. "Ha! ha" guffaw the many; "well, to be sure, what an ass is this Don Quixote, and how vastly diverting are his absurd doings! Ha! ha!" And they know not that their derision is derided; that they are trapped and cozened into jeers; that Cervantes, from behind his mask, beholds their fat-witted grins with a sardonic smile.

A core of scornful and melancholy protest, set about with a pulp of satire, and outside all a rind of thick burlesque—that is *Don Quixote*. It never "laughed Spain's chivalry away." Chivalry was no more in a country where it could be written. Where it could be thought an impeachment of idealism, idealism had ceased to be. Against this very state of things its secret but lofty

contempt is aimed. Herein lies its curious complexity. Outwardly Cervantes falls in with the waxing materialism of the day, and professes to satirise everything that is chivalrous and ideal. Behind all that, is subtle, suppressed, mordant satire of the material spirit in all its forms: the clownish materialism of the boor; the comfortable materialism of the *bourgeois*; the pedantic materialism of the scholar and the mundane cleric; the idle, luxurious, arrogant materialism of the noble—all agreeing in derisive conceit of superiority to the poor madman who still believes in grave, exalted, heroic ideas of life and duty. Finally, at the deepest core of the strange and wonderful satire, in which the hidden mockery is so opposite to the seeming mockery, lies a sympathy even to tears with all height and heroism insulated and out of date, mad to the eyes of a purblind world: nay, a bitter confession that such nobility is, indeed, mad and phantasmal, in so much as it imputes its own greatness to a petty and clay-content society. Even Sancho is held up to admiration mixed with smiles, because he has the dim yet tough insight to follow what he does not understand, yet obscurely feels to be worthy of love and following. The author of the heroic *Numantia* a contemner of the lofty and ideal! It could not be. Surely Don Quixote has much of the writer's self; of his poetic discontent with the earthy and money-seeking society around him. There is no true laughter in literature with such a hidden sadness as that of Cervantes.

Yet it is laughter, and not all sad. The man is a humorist, and feels that if the world be full of mournful humour, yet life would go nigh to madness if there were not some honest laughter as well—laughter from the full lungs. Therefore he gives us Sancho—rich, unctuous, Shakespearean humour to the marrow of him. The mockers of the Don, with their practical jests on him, furnish the understanding reader with but pitying and half-reluctant laughter; but the faithful compost of fat and flesh who cleaves to the meagre visionary allows us mirth unstinted and unqualified. Many a touch in this creation of the great Spaniard reminds us of like touches in the greatest of Englishmen. Sancho's blunt rejection of titles, for example: "Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain Sancho Panza, my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas." Who does not remember at once the drunken tinker's "What! am I not Christopher Sly?" &c. The two passages are delightfully kindred in style and humour. How like, too, is Sancho's meandering telling of his story at the Duke's table, and Dame Quickly's narrative style, when she recounts Falstaff's promise of marriage! Unadulterated peasant nature both—the same in Spain as in Eastcheap. What more gloriously characteristic than Sancho's rebutting of the charge that he may prove ungrateful in advancement to high station? "Souls like mine are covered four inches thick with the grease of the old Christian." But enough. With all the inward gravity of his irony, Cervantes has

abundantly provided that we need not take his seriousness too seriously: there is laughter in rivers, even for those who enter deepest into that grave core. We do not deny that he laughs himself at his Knight, as an idealist can laugh at his own extravagances; and invites you to laugh too—with the laughter which does homage to what is laughed at. And this many-sided masterpiece of Spain and the world is now at anyone's command for two shillings! "Let those read now who never read before; and those who always read now read the more."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

MR. HUTTON was born seventy-one years ago. So much is told in the one or two scant biographies which have accompanied the announcement of his death in the daily press. The inscription on the coffin was not more communicative: "Richard Holt Hutton. Died Sept. 9, 1897. Aged seventy-one years." The only London paper, so far as we have seen, which went further into detail did so in these words: "He was born in London, where his father was minister of Carter-lane Chapel." The truth is, that Richard Holt Hutton was born in Leeds, where his father served the Mill Hill Chapel from 1818 to 1835. The exact date of his birth was June 2, 1826, and it was followed by his baptism on September 12. His father, who himself was the son of the Unitarian minister of Eustace-street Chapel, Dublin, did afterwards move to London, to the pastorate of Carter-lane Chapel. The future journalist was then a boy of nine, whose slightly dreamy—not to say vague—habit of mind and body was occasionally goaded into action, though not permanently quickened, by the "Prompt, Richard, prompt!" of his grandmother. This lady lived to be ninety-nine years of age, instead of a hundred as he hoped: an incompleteness which rather annoyed her grandson, who liked symmetry rather than incident in literature and in life. The youth—who was very short-sighted even then—went to University College, where De Morgan was his best master, and Walter Bagehot his best friend. He used to tell the story of a walk with Bagehot up and down Regent-street for two hours in an attempt to find Oxford-street, so hot had their argument become as to whether the so-called logical principle of identity (A is A) was entitled to rank as a law of thought or only as a postulate of language.

Mr. Hutton took his degree at London University with credit, and after some attendance at German universities he began his career as a teacher of mathematics at Bedford College. But the editor's chair was his destiny, and already he knew it. The organ of the Unitarians, the *Inquirer*, was then owned by Mr. John Robinson, now the knighted chief of the staff of the *Daily News*. To the service of that organ he rallied Bagehot, Osler, and Sanford. But Mr. Hutton, for that once, wanted to move too quickly. Instead of reporting sermons he wanted to suppress them

altogether; and he had dreams of an official liturgy which should protect the Unitarian laity from the extempore prayers of their ministers. Clearly the Church of England was beckoning to him; and he responded to the summons. When, therefore, Mr. Townsend bought the *Spectator*, about the year 1861, to run it as a Liberal Church of England paper, he found in Mr. Hutton a man who could attend to the literature while he himself took in hand the politics. How he attended to the literature is too well known to need more than a word here. He loved standard authors, and he was glad to add to their ranks, especially from members of the Athenæum Club. Perhaps the young and moving spirit which spoke through R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling found in him a reluctant listener. "Prompt, Richard, prompt!" readers may sometimes have felt inclined to cry over his notices of early works of authors now assured of name and fame.

The journalism which drew the newer spirits around Mr. Henley Mr. Hutton examined through glasses he took off to rub again and again. He was not prompt enough for that! Mr. Hutton thought the English language an inexpressive one, and had laid his plans accordingly. "Our articles," he wrote to a young contributor, "cannot be much over two columns, say 160 lines or 1,600 words. Now (such is the barrenness of English speech) that in 1,600 words only one or two distinct points can be brought out with any vivacity and crispness, and vivacity and crispness are of the essence of effective newspaper writing."

He stocked his paper with plain facts rather than with rare imaginings or pretty fancies. It lacked by-play. It was prosaic to the elect, but it was useful to a large class, whom it led further on the road to literary and religious and political tolerance than they themselves, unaided, would have reached. The old order changeth, now as ever; and it was a significant fact that the novels of George Meredith, which Mr. Hutton could not understand, were the subject of a really appreciative article at last in the very issue of the *Spectator* which contained the following affecting announcement of the literary editor's death:

"Our readers," said that announcement, and it said no more, "will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. R. H. Hutton, so long one of the editors of this journal. After an illness of many months, marked by severe though intermittent sufferings, he passed away quietly in sleep, during the afternoon of Thursday, the 9th inst. His colleagues are forbidden by pledges, which they cannot break, either to write a memoir of him, or, within the range of their influence, to permit any one else to do so. They can, therefore, only record their grief at an event which, in the case of the writer of these lines, terminates an unbroken friendship of thirty-six years, and a literary alliance which, at once in its duration and completeness, is probably without a precedent."

Mr. Hutton, though a most industrious editor and contributor to his own columns, did not publish many books. His *Essays Theological and Literary* remain as his best monument; but, to do them justice, you must put yourself back into the environment of

the days in which they were produced. In his appreciations of poetry, such as his essays on *Wordsworth and his Genius*, on Browning and *Shelley's Poetical Mysticism*, he showed us his least perceptive side. His *Studies in Parliament* had much praise in its time; and there are many who think that his monograph, *Cardinal Newman*, is a sufficing piece of work as far as it goes. Newman was the greatest admiration of his life, his model in literary style, his pattern and exemplar as a man living in the world, but not of it. "In a century," he said, "in which physical discovery and material well-being have usurped and almost absorbed the admiration of mankind, such a life as that of Cardinal Newman stands out in strange and almost majestic, though singularly graceful and unpretending, contrast to the eager and agitated turmoil of confused passions, hesitating ideals, tentative virtues, and groping philanthropies, amid which it has been lived." That does not sound very much like the voice of a Radical editor, as Hutton was once held to be; nor like the voice of a leader of anti-vivisectionists, for that matter. The *Times* refers to Newman as "the teacher towards whom, in his later years, he was most attached." The word was probably written *attracted*; but attached represents the truth; nor did the attachment date from late years only. Cardinal Newman, away in Birmingham, was aware of the homage that Wellington-street offered him and was able to express in bolder and bolder terms as time and prejudice went by. "I have now for twenty years held him, as a journalist, to be a good friend of mine," wrote Cardinal Newman in a private letter in 1884. Perhaps one link with Newman was to be found in the fact that both alike had broken first ties, and made a change of religious belief. And both alike had kept firm friends in the communions they had left. For Hutton held Dr. Martineau in an esteem which had, from the first, free public expression. Dr. Martineau sometimes used the privilege of an old friend to question the policy of the *Spectator*; and his remonstrances were more refreshing to Hutton than the praises of most other men.

Mr. Hutton was twice married into the Roscoe family, his second wife, the cousin of his first, being the grand-daughter of Lorenzo de Medici's biographer. Her husband, who had prayed to survive her, so that he might tend her to the last, did so in fact, her illness, which was one of mind as well as body, having carried her hence only a short time before his own day of death. He was buried in Twickenham parish cemetery on Tuesday, and round his grave were grouped Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians, in almost equal numbers and in equal grief.

WANTED: A PHILANTHROPIST FOR RESEARCH.

WE are constantly reminded that the Queen rules over more Orientals than any sovereign in the world, and one would, therefore, suppose that the way would be made easy for such of her natural-born subjects as

may wish to acquire some knowledge of Oriental languages or Oriental religions. Yet nothing is so persistently cold-shouldered by the British Government as Oriental studies. To the International Congress of Orientalists just held in Paris came delegates not only from the Asiatic States directly interested, but from nearly every European Power. France, Russia, Austria, Italy—even Holland and Sweden—sent representatives, but the name of England does not appear upon the list. Nor was the omission of our rulers corrected, as sometimes happens, by private enterprise. A sprinkling of professors from Oxford and Cambridge, and a few officials from the British Museum and the Asiatic Society made up nearly the whole of England's contribution to the assembly. Of all the countries there represented, the one that should have been the most interested in the discussion made the poorest show.

The reason for this is, of course, that no Englishman can undertake the study of Orientalism or any other abstruse science unless he is prepared to sacrifice money as well as time. In France, beside the magnificent Ecole du Louvre there is the State-supported Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and a whole host of lesser schools, subsidised "on the ground of public utility," at which a student can obtain the best instruction at a trifling expense. In Austria, Italy, and Germany the same work is in part done by the Imperial and Royal Academies. In America, similar institutions, founded by individual generosity, are springing up every year. But in England a few unpaid chairs at the Universities is all that has been done for what we may fitly call advanced studies. The would-be student must teach himself in the best way that he can, and without the hope of obtaining even honour in return for his labour. The most he can look forward to is the chance of reading a paper on his special subject to a learned society—to which, by the way, he must pay entrance fee and subscription before he can even obtain a hearing. Nor is there any means by which he can turn his dearly acquired knowledge to pecuniary account. No publisher will risk the expense of publishing the result of his researches, for they can never appeal to any but a few readers. Except on the very rare occasions when some accidental circumstance brings his subject immediately before the general public, the reviews are closed to him for the same reason. Is it surprising that many students should drop out of the race altogether, and that two Oriental scholars, of whose work any nation in Europe would have been proud, should have died in England during the last decade in actual want of the necessities of life?

The remedy for this state of things is not at first sight very easy to find. No help is to be looked for from Government, for the Treasury will hardly allow the British Museum enough money to bind its books. We have, indeed, the Civil List and the Royal Literary Fund, but both these institutions aim at relieving destitution when it occurs rather than at preventing its occurrence, and the funds at their disposal are miserably small. What is wanted is some means by which those versed in

advanced studies can find a steady, if small, market for their wares, such as is provided in France by foundations like the Musée Guimet. When the splendid collection which bears this name of objects illustrative of the Science of Religions was presented by its munificent collector to the State, the latter, on accepting the gift, placed at the disposal of the Minister of Education an annual credit of 40,000 francs, to be devoted to a series of publications to be called the *Annales du Musée Guimet*. With this sum is maintained the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, which appears every two months, and employs a staff of over thirty contributors and reviewers. It also publishes one or two important works on the same subject every year, which are sold at a high and uniform price for the joint benefit of the author and the Museum. And it further provides for the continual issue of a series of popular handbooks published at a price which puts them within the reach of all. Other foundations, such as the Prix Langlois, the Prix Zographos, the Prix Lagrange, and many others, are at the disposal of the Institut de France, and provide for awards of from 1,000 to 10,000 francs being made yearly to the authors of works dealing with different branches of history or linguistics, the particular subject being generally prescribed by the terms of the gift. The richest of these is the great biennial prize of the Institut itself, which provides no less than 20,000 francs every two years for the best work on any branch of advanced study; but there are nearly 100 of the smaller ones. If, therefore, the French student who is proficient in his subject fails to obtain some pecuniary return it is probably because he is deficient in the gifts of tact and expression, the absence of which would probably have insured his failure in any other walk of life.

Here, then, is a way in which some philanthropic lover of learning might do much to take away England's reproach as the most unkind country in the world to scholars. Let him provide a certain sum every year to be given to the author of advanced works dealing with any branch of study that he may affect. A committee to decide on the merits of the works could easily be formed from among our university professors and the members of our learned societies. Such books are written with too much difficulty for the prize to encourage the production of mere trash; nor would the competitors be so numerous as to make the task of judging one of very great difficulty. But the hope of one day obtaining such a reward would go far to put hope into the heart of many a poor student, and the fact that a book had received such a mark of approval would of itself give it a certain pecuniary value. Nor would the cost of printing and publishing the successful studies be excessive. A tiny society like that of Biblical Archaeology manages to use in its proceedings Greek, Coptic, Syriac, and even hieroglyphic and cuneiform text without over-straining its very slender resources, while in these days of photo-zincography other illustrations could be obtained at a cheap rate. Altogether, the annual

sum of £500, which even at the present rate of interest does not demand a larger capital than £20,000, would probably suffice for the production of one large or several smaller works every year, and yet give a handsome reward to the authors. Cannot one of our rich men be persuaded to provide such a sum? By so doing he would found for himself a monument more enduring than brass.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

THE new novels of the week are noticed at length in another column, and, as usual, in number are well ahead of the output of any other department of letters. The handsomest book of the week is *The Printers of Basle in the XVth and XVIth Centuries*; Mr. Logie Robertson's *Outlines of English Literature* is the smallest; and the most curious is Mr. Heckethorn's two bulky, flaming red volumes dealing with the secret societies of the world. This is a new edition.

We have also received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a new edition of *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, by John Oliver Hobbes, to which the author contributes the following preface:

"The book, written nearly three years ago, has many shortcomings, of which the author is but the more conscious when she remembers the leniency shown by her critics at the time of its first publication. Her aim in writing the novel was to depict two types of human failure—the failure judged by the standard of worldly success, and the failure judged by every standard. The story is one which might have happened better in many other ways, but which happened, nevertheless, in the way described—a study of a whole society, but of a small circle of individuals."

A popular edition of *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* has also been issued on the eve of an advance into the Sudan. The author has shortened the book by striking out much of the historical matter, and many details not of general interest, and has confined this volume, as far as possible, to a narrative of his personal experiences.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE EARLY LIFE OF WORDSWORTH, 1770-1798. By Emile Legouis. Translated by J. W. Matthews, with a Prefatory Note by Leslie Stephen. J. M. Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION. By Dyson Hague. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- ENGLAND AND INDIA: A RECORD OF PROGRESS DURING A HUNDRED YEARS, 1785-1885. By Romesh C. Dutt. Chatto & Windus. 2s.
- THE STORY OF OUR ENGLISH TOWNS. By P. H. Ditchfield. With Introduction by Augustus Jessop. G. Redway. 6s.
- SHAKESPEARE THE BOY. By W. J. Rolfe. Illustrated. Chatto & Windus.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- THE GIST OF JAPAN. By the Rev. R. B. Peery. Illustrated. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 6s.
- THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THESSALY. By Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P. With Portraits and Maps. John Murray. 9s.
- IN JOYFUL RUSSIA. By John A. Logan, Jun. Illustrated. C. Arthur Pearson. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- HINTS IN GREEK PROSE. By W. C. F. Walters, M.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
- FIRST STEPS IN LATIN PROSE. By W. C. F. Walters, M.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
- THE STORY OF THE PERSIAN WAR, AS TOLD BY HERODOTUS. By C. C. Tancock, M.A. John Murray. 2s. 6d.
- THE TALISMAN ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers). A. & J. Black.
- HISTORICAL ORNAMENT. By James Ward. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
- OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. Logie Robertson. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. 6d.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

- JAMES CLARENCE MANOY: HIS SELECTED POEMS. A Study by Louise Imogen Guiney. John Lane. 6s.
- NEW ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD. By J. M. Robertson. John Lane. 6s.

SCIENCE.

- GLIMPSES INTO PLANT LIFE. By Mrs. Brightwen. With Illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
- HUMAN SCIENCE LECTURES. By Various Authors. G. Bell & Sons.
- PROGRAMME OF TECHNOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS. (City and Guilds of London Institute.) Whittaker & Co.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- CURIOSITIES OF BIRD LIFE. By Charles Dixon. G. Redway. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE MAGNA CHARTA OF DEMOCRACY. By H. Thompson. W. Reeves. 6d.
- OUR BOYS: BEING A BOOK FOR SCHOOLBOYS AND OTHERS. By Various Prose-writers. Edited by the Rev. S. B. James. The Roxburghe Press.
- THE PRINTERS OF BASLE IN THE XV. AND XVI. CENTURIES. THREE BIOGRAPHIES, PRINTED BOOKS AND DEVICES. By C. W. Heckethorn. Unwin Bros. 21s.
- THE ACTOR'S ART. Edited by J. Hamerton. With Contributions by Leading Actors of the Day. G. Redway. 6s.

FOREIGN.

- DICTIONNAIRE PHONÉTIQUE DE LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE. By H. Michéalis and P. Parry. Carl Meyer. Berlin. 5 francs.

NEW EDITIONS.

- THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA. By Alexander Hosie, M.A. G. Philip & Sons. 6s.
- POEMS. By Matthias Barr. Barr & Co.
- THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES: A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SECRET ORGANISATIONS. By Charles William Heckethorn. In 2 vols. George Redway. 31s. 6d.
- THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD WICKENHAM. By John Oliver Hobbes. T. Fisher Unwin.
- FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN. By Rudolf C. Slatin Paasha. Translated by Col. F. R. Wingate. With Map and Illustrations. Edward Arnold. 6s.
- (For Fiction see Supplement.)

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE AUTUMN PUBLISHING SEASON.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- Art.—"The Alphabet," by W. Nicholson, and "The Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898," by W. Nicholson.
- History.—"Unpublished Letters of Napoleon I." translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd, a selection of the Letters suppressed by the Imperial Commission of 1858-1869; "Catherine Sforza: a Study," by Count Pasolini (illustrated); "A History of Dancing," from the French of Gaston Vuillier, with 25 plates and about 400 text illustrations; "The Life of Nelson," a new school-prize edition, with portraits, by Robert Southey, edited by

David Hannay; "The Story of the Greeks," written for children, by H. A. Grueber; "A History of French Literature," by Edw. Dowden, D.C.L., LL.D.; "A History of English Literature," by Edmund Gosse; "A History of Italian Literature," by Richard Garnett, of the British Museum; "A History of Spanish Literature," by J. Fitz-Maurice Kelly; "A History of Japanese Literature," by W. G. Aston; "A History of Modern Scandinavian Literature," by Dr. Georg Brandes; "A History of Sanscrit Literature," by A. A. Macdonnell, M.A.; "A History of Hungarian Literature," by Dr. Zoltan Boethy; "A History of American Literature," by Moses Coit Tyler; "A History of German Literature," by Dr. C. H. Herford; "A History of Latin Literature," by Dr. A. H. Verrall; "Robert, Earl Nugent: a Memoir," by Claud Nugent; "Sixty Years of Empire: a Symposium," by leading writers, and with portraits; "Women of Homer," by Walter Copland Perry (illustrated).

Philosophy, Science, and Criticism.—"The Non-Religion of the Future," from the French of Marie Jean Guyau; "Lumen," by Camille Flammarion; "William Shakespeare: a Critical Study," by Georg Brandes, translated from the Danish by William Archer and Diana White.

Travel and Adventure.—"Cuba in War Time," by Richard Harding Davis (illustrated); "With the Fighting Japs: Naval Experiences during the late Chino-Japanese War," by J. Chalmers; "My Fourth Tour in Western Australia," by Albert F. Calvert (illustrated); "A History of the Liverpool Privateers," by Gomer Williams.

Belles Lettres, Poetry, Drama.—"Poems from the Divan of Hafiz," translated from the Persian by Gertrude Lowthian Bell; "A Selection from the Poems, with some hitherto unpublished verse, of Wilfred Scawen Blunt," and an introduction by W. E. Henley; "Studies in Frankness," by Charles Whibley; "In Cap and Gown: Three Centuries of Cambridge Wit," selected and arranged by Charles Whibley, a new edition with frontispiece; "The Works of Lord Byron," edited by William Ernest Henley, verse vol. I., being the second volume of the edition containing "Hours of Idleness" and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; the Plays of W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, "Admiral Guinea," and "Macaire"; "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," a new and enlarged edition, by James McNeill Whistler; the Plays of Arthur W. Pinero, "The Princess and the Butterfly"; the Plays of Gerhart Hauptman, translated, "The Weavers" and "Lonely Folk."

Fiction.—"St. Ives," by R. L. Stevenson; a New Novel by Sarah Grand; "Marietta's Marriage," by W. E. Norris; "What Maisie Knew," by Henry James; "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells; "The Master-Knot," by J. A. Steuart; "The Gadfly," by E. L. Voynich; "The Gods Arrive," by Annie E. Holdsworth; "The Freedom of Henry Meredith," by M. Hamilton; "The Nigger of 'The Narcissus,'" by Joseph Conrad; "The Drones must Die," by Max Nordau; "The Fourth Napoleon," by Charles Benham; "The Lake of Wine," by B. E. J. Capes; "Ezekiel's Sin," by J. H. Pearce; "Mrs. John Forster," by Charles Granville; "A Champion of the Seventies," by Edith A. Barnett; "A Man with a Maid," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; "God's Foundling," by Alec John Dawson; "The Londoners," by Robert Hichens; "A Daughter of the Tropics," by T. B. Dibbs; a New Volume by Stephen Crane; a New Novel by Harold Frederic; a New Volume by Edwin Pugh; "Dreamers of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill; "In the Permanent Way," by Flora Annie Steel; "Last Studies," by Hubert Crackanthorpe, with portrait; "A Romance of the First Consul," from the Swedish of M.

Malling, by Anna Molboe; "The Old Adam and the New Eve," from the German of Richard Goltz; "Niobe," from the Norwegian of Jonas Lie; "The Torrents of Spring," by Ivan Turgenev; "Captain Mansana" and "Mother's Hands," "Absalom's Hair," and "A Painful Memory," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS'S
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A new dictionary of universal biography, in 1 vol., entitled "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary," dealing with fifteen thousand celebrities of all nations from the remotest times to the present day, edited by David Patrick and F. H. Groome; a new library dictionary, in 1 vol., entitled "Chambers's English Dictionary; "Meg Langholme," by Mrs. Molesworth; "Vince the Rebel, or the Sanctuary in the Bog," by George Manville Fenn; "Wild Kitty," by L. T. Meade; "Hunted Through Fiji, or 'Twixt Convict and Cannibal," by Reginald Horsley; "Hoodie," by Mrs. Molesworth; "The Rover's Quest," a story of Foam, Fire, and Fight, by Hugh St. Leger; "Four Hundred Animal Stories," selected and edited by Robert Cochrane; "Elsie's Magician," by Fred Whishaw; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with index and prefatory Memoir by the Rev. John Brown; "Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia"; "The Half-Caste" and other stories, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "Wallace and Bruce," by Mary Cochrane; "William Shakespeare: the Story of his Life and Times," by Evan J. Cuthbertson; "A Fairy Grandmother," by L. E. Tiddeman; "Wonderful Stories for Children," by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Mary Howitt; "Young King Arthur" and "Twelfth-Night King"; "Alternative Geographical Readers" and "Alternative History," and "National History Readers," Scheme A, for Standards III. to VII., with accompanying manuals.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co.'s
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"The Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott," a new edition in 48 vols.; "The Spectator," a new edition in 8 vols., with an introductory essay by Austin Dobson, the text annotated and edited by G. Gregory Smith, M.A.; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," pictured and decorated by L. Fairfax-Muckley; "Richard Wagner," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, translated from the German by G. Ainslie Hight and revised by the author; "The Early Life of William Wordsworth, 1770-1798": a Study of the Prelude, by Emile Legouis, translated by J. W. Matthews, with a prefatory note by Leslie Stephen; "The Fall of the Nibelungs," translated from the German by Margaret Armour; "Baboo Jabberjee, B.A.," by F. Anstey, author of "Vice Versa," &c.; "Animal Land where there are no People," by Sybil and Katharine Corbet, with an introduction by Andrew Lang; "Cats," by Mrs. Chance, a series of drawings in pencil, together with essays and quotations; "A Volume of Verse," by E. G. Harman; "Meadow Grass: a Book of New England Stories," by Alice Brown; "American Land and Letters: the 'Mayflower' to 'Rip Van Winkle,'" by Donald S. Mitchell; "Atlas of Classical Portraits," selected and edited, with descriptive commentary for the use of students and schools, by W. H. D. Rouse; "Pictures and Studies of Greek Landscape and Architecture," being a series of photogravures of paintings by John Fulleylove of classical remains in Greece; Balzac's "Comedie Humaine," edited by Prof.

Saintsbury, translated by Miss Marriage, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. R. S. Scott, and James Waring—new volumes, "Cousin Betty," "Cousin Pons," "A Daughter of Eve," "The Unconscious Mummies," and "A Marriage Settlement." "Temple Classics Series," new volumes: Florio's "Montaigne," in 6 vols.; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Milton's "Paradise Lost"; "The High History of the Holy Graal," translated for the first time from the French, by Sebastian Evans, in 2 vols.; "Boswell's Life of Johnson," in 6 vols. "Temple Dramatists Series": Elizabethan Section—Beaumont's "Philaster," Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." Modern Section—Sheridan's "The Critic." "Lyric Poets Series," new volume, "The Lyric Poems of Keats."

DRAMA.

THE NEW HAMLET.

THE Hamlet of Mr. Forbes Robertson has been an agreeable surprise. Not but that this scholarly and well-graced actor, with his clear and cadenced delivery, was fully expected to acquit himself cleverly in a part in which, according to the tradition of the stage, "no actor has been known to fail." He has done more than come up to expectation: he has gone some way towards recasting once more the popular conception of the character—for, curiously enough, every dramatic age has its favourite type of Hamlet. The Hamlet of the Kean school—impetuous, impulsive, explosive—lasted well into the present generation. Through the accretion of conventional business it ultimately diverged a good deal from the Hamlet of the student of Shakespeare; it was, to quote a contemporary critic, "essentially a Hamlet of the stage, aiming at theatrical effectiveness, with variations and embroideries of immaterial quality." Sir Henry Irving introduced the psychological Hamlet, who has prevailed until our own time; and now comes Mr. Forbes Robertson with a treatment which from its success, as well as its simplicity, is extremely likely to find imitators, and perhaps—though in matters dramatic it is never safe to prophesy—establish a vogue of its own. In its technical sense Mr. Forbes Robertson has done with "psychology," as likewise with the crack-brained manner of fifty years ago. He does not feel at all with Schlegel that Hamlet is "an enigmatic character resembling those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains that will in no wise admit of a solution." At all events, there is no evidence of such a feeling in his embodiment. The Hamlet of the present Lyceum production is one of a wholly novel complexion; and now that we see it done it is as easy in appearance as Columbus's way of making the egg stand on end. He simply discards the insanity theory altogether.

How has the idea grown up that in addition to feigning insanity for his own ends, Hamlet was himself a little off his mental equilibrium? It is difficult to say. All the leading commentators have favoured the insanity view; that is, like Goethe, they

maintain that it was the design of the poet to represent his hero as a man whose reason had been disturbed by the shock of too difficult a task. If I might hazard a guess, I would say that Shakespeare had in his eye what modern medical science would call a neuropathic patient. Neuropathy implies a certain instability of mind and character; but though a kindred ailment, it is certainly not to be classed with insanity, otherwise our already crowded asylums would be overflowing. The poetic and artistic nature is often distinctly neuropathic. As a close observer of human nature, Shakespeare, I imagine, treated neuropathy in Hamlet; for the thing existed, though it had not yet found a name; and the commentators in their ignorance of the refinements of modern science jumped to conclusions regarding the Prince's mental condition, which the facts, strictly speaking, did not justify. Dr. Hughlings-Jackson, Dr. Maudsley, or Dr. Ferrier would know exactly how to class Hamlet, though the great literary critics have failed to do so satisfactorily. Such a view seems to me at least highly plausible, and it is worked out by Mr. Forbes Robertson on undeniably convincing lines.

ASSUMING Hamlet's insanity to be mere feigning, certain consequences naturally follow. These need no frenzied or maniacal action, no wild and whirling words, no dis-tempered raving on Hamlet's part; nothing, in short, need be attempted by the actor unbecoming to a scholar and a gentleman, except when he is fooling Polonius and others to the top of their bent. If this strikes old stagers as a flat and unprofitable reading, they may be counselled to see it before passing an adverse judgment. It is an extraordinarily consistent interpretation which Mr. Forbes Robertson gives; the key-note to whatever may appear eccentric in it being given in that line wherein Hamlet engages to "put an antic disposition on." And not only is consistency studied, but the marked absence of those symptoms of a disordered mind which are noticeable even in Mr. Tree's fine performance, seems to bring Mr. Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet" more within the range of human sympathies. When Mr. Tree, for example, writes upon his tablets, he crouches in the red glare of a fire in the attitude of a Bedlamite. In the play-scene again he and other modern Hamlets indulge in the wildest extravagance. This may be theatrically effective, as the saying is, but it is certainly destructive of sympathy with the sorely distraught prince. In order that the springs of sympathy may be touched, the audience must feel that the sufferer is a human being of like nature to themselves, which a maniacal Hamlet is not. Sympathetic, natural, over-wrought, no doubt, but eminently human and lovable—such are the main characteristics of this remarkably fresh and interesting impersonation!

THE innovations in the matter of *mise-en-scène*, to which reference was made last week, show that where boldness in the treatment of the play seems advantageous, Mr. Forbes Robertson is not found wanting. By some the introduction of Fortinbras and

his soldiers at the close is pronounced an anti-climax. It does not so strike me. On the contrary, it is a relief to the gloom of the tragic ending, an agreeable reminder of the truth of Schiller's line, that:

"Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung."

It brings before us this curious fact, moreover, that for the few minutes that he survives Claudius and the Queen, Hamlet is King of Denmark, a monarch to whom it is meet that military honours should be paid, which the soldiers of Fortinbras accordingly render him by bearing off his body on their shields. The Ophelia of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a study in prettiness and daintiness, the actress making a point of toning down all the disagreeable features of the heroine's insanity. This is a reading of debateable propriety, but the effect produced is pleasing and æsthetic.

"In the Days of the Duke," the new melodrama which Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr have provided for the Adelphi, follows the time-honoured formula in this class of piece, that the hero should suffer much undeserved persecution at the hands of a couple of villains before poetic justice is done. But the authors have chosen a more indirect and less effective way of carrying out their purpose than the late Henry Pettitt and their other predecessors. The story opens in India in the year 1800, when General Aylmer is discovered holding a hill fort against an enemy of overwhelming strength. A Colonel Lanson plays the traitor by admitting the enemy at one of the gates, but in the nick Colonel Wellesley, as "the Duke" was then called (the Duke being, of course, Wellington), arrives upon the scene with a relieving force. Colonel Wellesley comes too late, however, to save General Aylmer, who, having discovered the treachery, is shot dead by Lanson. Afterwards, by means of an ambiguous document, Lanson, with whom, as the lawyers say, is O'Mara, an Irish adventurer, seeks to throw the odium of the treachery upon the general himself, and it is the general's son, the hero of the play, who suffers mainly from this action. When young Captain Aylmer would vindicate his father's memory his mouth is closed by the apparent evidence of his father's guilt, until in due time the truth is revealed.

THE primary piece of villainy is set forth in a prologue; and its consequences are described in the play proper, which dates fourteen years later. As the vindication of General Aylmer's memory is the sole motive of the play, one unfortunate effect of the dramatic scheme adopted by the authors is that the characters are constantly discussing the events of long ago. This, on the stage, is a tiresome proceeding. It is eminently undramatic. When one person meets another on the stage, sits down, bids his friend take a chair, and begins, "Five-and-twenty years ago," &c., the average playgoer ceases to listen. I do not mean to imply that Messrs. Chambers and Carr do anything

quite so tactless as that, but they strangely ignore the principle that the events mainly interesting to a theatrical audience are those which evolve under their eyes. However, the play has been sumptuously mounted, the dresses, military and civil, of the period making a brave show. There is a strong cast, including Terrius, who doubles the parts of General Aylmer and his son; Cartwright and Beveridge as the villains; Miss Marion Terry as the general's wife and also persecuted widow; Miss Millward as the heroine; but it cannot be said that they have occupation worthy of their talents. The Duke himself, played, or rather embodied, by Fulton, is merely a lay figure who reads despatches with knitted eyebrows and gives orders in a peremptory military manner. Despite his nose, which is more than Wellingtonian, the authors do not contrive to make us feel that this is in truth the Iron Duke; nor, in the fourth act, that we are on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. A great impending battle is talked of, but for all the effect produced upon our minds it might be a contemplated picnic. As a spectacle, however, the play will attract. It contains a realistic duel, a *bal masque* in Paris, and, above all, a highly coloured representation of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo.

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

A WITTY writer once remarked that he liked to see the British public flocking to a thoroughly naughty play; it was so good for them to be shocked. On the same principle we may feel glad that foreign nations should be taking special pains just now to show us how hopelessly hide-bound and insular we are in regard to matters outside our immediate interest. Great Britain has the largest dependencies in the world among savage or alien peoples, a knowledge of whose customs and modes of thought is indispensable for proper government. It is one thing to win their territories; it is quite another to win their hearts. Yet what efforts does Great Britain make to ensure a tolerable acquaintance with native peculiarities among the men she sends out to India and the Colonies? Were it not for an individual spirit of adventure in the race, which gives us men like Burton, Palmer, and Layard, we should be colossal in our ignorance of the East. Mere ignorance, perhaps, does not affect us much. What we dislike is to be told that others know more, and of this kind of information there is plenty to hand. The British Association has been agitating very hard for the formation of an Ethnological Bureau, on the lines of the admirable institutions which exist in America, for studying native races and customs. Perhaps we may see this formed in time. Then we have had the Congress of Orientalists at Paris, where the distinguished English scholars who were present could not help noticing with pain how much more

was done towards a study of the East by continental Governments having only a tithe of Great Britain's interest in it. The *Times* says, and one must re-echo the sentiment:

"It is impossible to close a notice without pointing out the sense among the English members of the great part being taken in the work by foreign scholars. . . . The daily intercourse with the distinguished teachers at the great Oriental school here, and of the splendidly equipped Oriental schools of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, have been a constant reminder of the deplorable absence of anything at all comparable in the capital of England, whose Oriental Empire is so large and so important. Now that other Governments are moving so rapidly, is it not time that the English Government should begin to take practical steps towards the adequate provision of an Oriental school?"

SUFFICIENT attention has not yet been drawn to the usefulness of the work which Prof. John Milne and his seismographs are carrying out in the Isle of Wight. To the general public it may seem a somewhat superfluous thing to obtain records of distant earthquakes, and many people, no doubt, regard Prof. Milne as a harmless hobbyist who likes writing to the papers. There are several very practical outlets for his hobby, however, as the lecture he has recently delivered at Toronto shows. One of these is the importance of submarine outbreaks in determining the best position for cables. If outbreaks can be shown to occur in groups or definite lines, a basis is provided for localising the most suitable routes for cables. On the coast of Japan such work has actually been done, and areas have been marked off through which it would be inviting destruction to take a cable. Seismographic records, again, afford a frequent clue to the breaking of cables, and may even save in time to locate them. By the differences in vibration, it is already possible to tell whether the disturbance has travelled 7,000 or 10,000 miles. In countries affected by earthquakes, a systematic survey of the conditions gives a basis for determining both the best methods and the best sites for building. But more important, at first sight, than even its practical potentialities is the promise which seismography seems to give of throwing light on the vexed question of the age and structure of the earth. We live, as Prof. Perry has said, on a huge object 8,000 miles thick, of which we know little more than the bare skin. Lord Kelvin has calculated that the inside must be rigid, owing to the pressure, but yet enormously hot; geologists think it must be liquid; magneticians are in a state of ignorant wonder about it. Prof. Milne has shown that earth tremors 7,000 miles distant are recorded on a seismograph at the Isle of Wight, and that the rate of transmission—calculating the times of occurrence and of record—may reach as much as fifteen kilometres per second. What this means no one can tell. It is far higher than the velocity which one might expect from the known properties of rock—five times as high, in fact. The messages have come, not along the surface, but through the actual body of the earth. So, at least, we

must suppose, and if this be so, a more accurate determination of the rate of transit will be a step towards the correct solution of the problem of the earth's rigidity.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

EVERYBODY has probably read the story of Rip and his twenty years' sleep on the Kaatskill Mountains, enjoyed its humour, and felt its pathos; and in selecting that story as the basis of an opera Messrs. Akerman and Leoni, librettist and composer of the work recently produced at Her Majesty's Theatre no doubt thought to attract the interest and enlist the sympathy of the public from the very outset; and for an audience to be more or less in possession of the argument of a play before the rise of the curtain is no doubt an advantage. This, however, will be considerably diminished if the alterations and additions made for stage purposes are not suitably managed. Sufficient of the original story must remain so as to keep in touch, as it were, with the train of thought evoked by memory in the audience; and whatever changes are made should grow out of the story, and thus strengthen it. Mr. Akerman, however, does not seem to me to have shown proper tact in this respect. Rip is well drawn, except, perhaps, for certain Hibernicisms, which Mr. Hedmond, the admirable impersonator, curiously intensifies by an Irish brogue, and which seem out of place; yet even here one misses the faithful dog who followed his master in all his rambles.

M. Leoni is known as the composer of some tasteful songs, and of a clever cantata—"Sardanapalus"—performed in London a season or two back. The music of Rip Van Winkle, although not in all respects satisfactory, certainly adds to his reputation. Its principal defect is lack of originality. It reminds us of many composers; of Mr. Leoni himself there seems little trace. Strong influences, of course, interfere with individuality; and in listening to new music the familiar strikes one sooner than the unfamiliar. Yet in the early, in fact the earliest, works of Beethoven, although they are exceedingly Mozartish both in form and spirit, there are flashes which proclaim the coming master. Wagner, again, was at first overshadowed by Weber and over-impressed by Meyerbeer, but his genius, even at the outset, was not completely hidden. It is fairly easy to single out those early forecasts of strong individuality now that the career of those men, from the beginning to the close, has been revealed to us. So that it behoves one to be cautious in judging Mr. Leoni; there may be in him more than one suspects. The influence of Wagner is one from which no musician worthy of the name can escape; yet it often tempts composers beyond their strength. Mr. Leoni is thus tempted. One can feel now and again in his music that the armour of Wagner is too heavy for him.

Moreover, in his music there is a lack

of homogeneity. There are certain numbers in it which remind one of the opera of the past, while many pages are in the style of the music-drama of the present; in time there may be a happy fusion. For the subject which Mr. Leoni is illustrating I think simpler treatment throughout would have proved more satisfactory.

Fault-finding, however, is only the half of a critic's duty. The score has its good, nay its strong, points. Of skill there is considerable display, and yet the writing is not dry; and there is at times freshness and charm, especially in the choral numbers.

As regards the performance, Mr. Hedmond as "Rip" claims chief notice. He was in excellent voice, and his acting deserves very high praise. He made the most of his part, yet without exaggeration. Mr. Linwood was very good as Derrick, the lawyer; Miss Attalie Claire was fairly successful as Gretchen; Miss Ada Davies sang her solo in the third act in sympathetic manner; Miss Ross-Selwicke impersonated with effect the "Spirit of the Mountains"; and Miss Nellie Reed was a funny little Gnome. Mr. S. P. Waddington, the conductor, acquitted himself well of his task. The piece was admirably mounted.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRONOLOGY OF IRISH TEXTS.

Veulettes: Sept. 6.

I object to the statement that the Irish legendary texts "in their present form were composed or recomposed *mainly* [the italics are mine] between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries—i.e., in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," simply because it is not accurate. The texts of the older cycles, the so-called mythological and the Ultonian cycles, are *mainly* preserved in MSS. copied before 1150 from older MSS. Such texts of these cycles as are only extant in thirteenth century or later MSS. can *mainly* be traced back to an earlier period with absolute certainty.

The point is of some importance. It used to be the fashion in the old uncritical days to antedate Irish romantic legend; it is now the fashion to postdate it by the unwarranted assumption that the date of transcription is equivalent to that of the composition of a text. The former error was, as a rule, so glaring that it could hardly mislead any scholar; the latter has a spurious critical aspect which makes it much more insidiously misleading. In this connexion I would urge writers on Irish literature to give up the detestable practice of referring to the MS. and not to the particular text contained in that MS. from which they are quoting. What would be thought of a writer on Greek literature who never referred to Homer, Plato, Apollodorus, Manetho, or Plutarch, but simply to Didot's *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Græcorum*? It is quite as absurd to refer only to the Book of Leinster or the Book of Ballymote. The former MS., for instance, contains upwards of two hundred different texts ranging demonstrably over a period of 350 years, and inferentially over a period of 600 years. Yet the common practice is to quote them as if all stood on the same level. The same may be said of the Book of Ballymote, and the Book of Leoni; and as these MSS. were transcribed from 150 to 300 years after the Book of Leinster, texts quoted from them are assigned to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even if they correspond exactly with the Book of Leinster version.

As this correspondence arose out of Mr. Borlase's theory that the Irish mythological legends were imported from the Continent in the fifth and sixth centuries, I may be allowed to call attention to the thesis recently sustained at the Sorbonne by M. Ch. Andler, *Maître de Conférences* at the Ecole Normale. The title runs: "Dad fabulas heroicas Germanorum Hiberni contulerint." The author examines the legends of Wieland, of the Nibelungs, of Walter and Hilda. The conclusion he comes to is, that all three have their sources in Irish mythic legend; that from Ireland they passed to the Anglo-Saxons, and from thence to the Continental Germans, while the Scandinavians received them partly direct from the Irish, partly through the medium of the Continental Germans. The various parallels relied upon by Prof. Zimmer to prove the partial dependence of Irish upon Teutonic legend are interpreted by M. Andler in a precisely opposite sense.

If I were the Celtomaniac I have sometimes been called, I should cry up M. Andler (whose thesis is interesting and suggestive) as the latest and chief authority on the subject. As it is, I can only express the same disbelief in the wholesale Irish origin of Teutonic legend that I expressed in Prof. Zimmer's theory of extensive Teutonic influence on Irish legend, or in Mr. Borlase's theory of the origin of Irish mythology.

ALFRED NUTT.

R. LINTON AND D. G. ROSSETTI.

Finchley: Sept. 13.

Permit me to point out to your correspondent of last week that my article in *Good Words* for August, so far from being an "attack" upon Dante G. Rossetti, was one of enthusiastic and unqualified praise. Also that I yield to no one in admiration of the genius of Mr. W. J. Linton as an engraver, and congratulate myself in having drawn out his expressions of regard for Rossetti's art. I accept, too, his correction; but that my memory is not at fault as to the dissatisfaction (just or unjust) of Rossetti and his friends with the engravings is shown by Mr. Ruskin's words on these very cuts in his *Elements of Drawing*, first edition, 1857, p. 343, where he writes: "They are terribly spoiled in the cutting, and generally the best part, the expression of feature, entirely lost."

THOMAS SULMAN.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND."

Gunnorsbury: Sept. 10.

You do good service by stirring up that somewhat short-winded trumpeter, Fame, on behalf of Mr. Richard Whiteing. *The Island* is not, you will be glad to hear, "an only" book. Mr. Whiteing produced many years ago an inimitable work of humour entitled *Mr. Sprouts and His Opinions*. The subject was the costermonger, who, for the singular edification of the ironist, is continually in the best society. The book appeared, alas! when costermongers, though themselves filled with the spirit of exploration, were still undiscovered. Consequently it failed of a "boom." In itself the book was whimsical, droll, tender, farcical, impossible. Its realism was much less distinct than Mr. Phil May's and Mr. Arthur Morrison's. The author had seen things, but seen them very much as he chose. I confess that I have been surprised to observe that no anti-gambler of Mr. Sprout's degree of education has joined him in turning the Oaks into "the Hoax." I would feel ashamed at calling attention to a pun, but I feel sure that no reader of the ACADEMY will recognise it as such.

W. H. CHESSON.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND LIBRARIES.

H. G. WELLS' NEW ROMANCE,

THE INVISIBLE MAN.

By the AUTHOR of "THE TIME MACHINE." Crown 8vo, cloth, with specially designed cover, price 3s. 6d.

In this latest work of this clever author, he describes how, if a man becomes invisible it does not follow that the clothes he wears becomes invisible also, and on this supposition has woven a story that will hold the reader with breathless interest from start to finish.

FORTUNE'S FOOTBALLS. By G. B. BURGIN, Author of "'Old Man's' Marriage," &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Scotsman says: "The story is one well worth reading."
Vanity Fair—"The scene between the drunken playwright and the scoundrel Vane is quite a little *tour de force*."
The Daily Mail says: "One always takes up a novel by Mr. G. B. Burgin with the comfortable self-assurance that his pages are certain to provide one with healthy amusement..... 'Fortune's Footballs' amply fulfils such an expectation."

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL. By OLIVE PRATT RAYNER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Olive P. Rayner's slight but brilliantly clever story..... 'The Typewriter Girl' is the work of a cultured scholar, who can be academic without pedantry, who knows human nature and can interpret it truly, and who can vitalise what appears on the surface a commonplace theme with that deep and earnest heartbeat which is, after all, the one convincing characteristic of good fiction."—*Daily Mail*.
 "There is not a dull page in the book, and it is one that is well suited to take a foremost place in the lists of a firm which has only just undertaken the publishing of library books on a large scale."—*Sunday Times*.

THE SKIPPER'S WOOING. By W. W. JACOBS, Author of "Many Cargoes." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

This is Mr. W. W. Jacobs's first long story. Hitherto he has confined himself to short stories about riverside captains and the folk who go down to the sea in barges. Now he has written a nautical love-story, the quaint absurdity of which is more than redeemed by its touches of strong sentiment.

"It contains scenes which we shall not be able to recall without a smile for many weeks to come..... It is a good story, well told, and full of humour and drollery." *Daily Telegraph*.

AN AMERICAN EMPEROR. By LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Final War." Square crown 8vo, cloth, 16 Full-Page Illustrations, price 6s.

"A bold and lively romance. Its hero is a charming American millionaire, who for the love of a woman seeks to gain the throne of France. He has the wealth of a Croesus, and does not mind spending it. The reader soon gets interested in his campaign, the details of which are not without a certain air of truthfulness despite the essential extravagance of the main idea. The story is cleverly told, and is well illustrated."—*Yorkshire Post*.

QUEEN OF THE JESTERS. By MAX PEMBERTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, Illustrated, 6s.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new book of short stories is in reality a continuous novel. Its heroine is the lovely Corinne de Montesson, whose wild doings and daring pranks were the talk of Paris and the wonder of the French Court in its most romantic days. The book is illustrated by Caton Woodville and Harold Piffard.

IN JOYFUL RUSSIA. By JOHN A. LOGAN, Jun. Crown 8vo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top, with numerous Illustrations, price 10s. 6d.

This is a pleasantly written work dealing more especially with the cheery aspects of Russia. Hitherto it has been the fashion to steep all accounts of Russia in mystery and gloom. Mr. Logan, however, describes his impressions of the country from the brighter and more picturesque point of view.

FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

THE RAID OF THE "DETRIMENTAL." By the EARL OF DESART, Author of "Lord and Lady Piccadilly," &c., &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s. [Ready September 29.]

In this story the Earl of Desart has made a new departure. The tale deals with the True History of the Great Disappearance of 1862, and is related by several of those implicated and others. The story is so fantastic and novel, the dialogue so brilliant, that it recalls the former successes of the author in the particular field which is almost his own.

JOAN OF STRATHBOURNE. By R. D. CHETWODE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [Ready September 29.]

In this story Mr. Chetwode has fully caught the romantic spirit of the time when "The Thousand Devils" flourished in Old France, and furnishes a very pretty love-story as a set-off to the foibles of the villains whom he depicts. The hero's ride to Paris (he is half dead from a recent wound), when he hears that the King has commanded the heroine to choose a husband on a certain evening, is one of the most exciting chapters in modern fiction; and the contrast between his mud-stained appearance and the gay courtiers of the King in their jewelled dresses admirably wrought out.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S LOVE AFFAIR. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN, Author of "The Cure of Souls," "The Red Sultan," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [Ready September 29.]

In his new story Mr. Maclaren Cobban makes a hero of a shopman. The shopman in question is of good family, and sells lace for a West-End firm. He first meets the heroine (the Princess) when she is bicycling, and out of the *rencontre* Mr. Maclaren Cobban spins a very dainty love-story.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

PHARISEES. By A. Kevill-Davies, Author of "An American Widow," "Dollars are Trumps," &c.

The plot is strikingly original, and is told with that breezy vigour which secured so much popularity for the author's previous works.

Reviewing "An American Widow,"

The *Scotsman* said: "The story is cleverly written and ingeniously contrived. The widow is a genius of a high order."

The *Standard* said: "A most thrilling and interesting story."

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

TEMPTATION. By "Graham Irving."

This story is by a famous novelist, who, however, has adopted a pseudonym whilst making a striking departure in the character of his writing. Those who have read the novel predict that it will create one of the sensations of the season.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

THE CRIME and the CRIMINAL. By Richard MARSH.

An intensely interesting story, told with sensational power.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., with 4 Full-page Illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.

FORDHAM'S FEUD. By Bertram Mitford. Third Edition.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d., with 16 Full-page Illustrations by F. S. Wilson.

CAPTAIN SHANNON. By Coulson Kernahan. Second Edition.

JUST PUBLISHED. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

GUY BOOTHBY'S

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, special design, bevelled boards, 5s.

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

"A most picturesque romance, noteworthy for its spirited style, chivalrous tone, powerful human interest, and freedom from commonplace in plot and characterisation." *Globe*.

"A brilliant tale, dramatically and vigorously told."—*Daily News*.

"Highly ingenious and exciting.....A stirring romance."—*World*.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

"A tale of much power and sustained interest, narrated with dramatic effect." *Scotsman*.

"The interest is sustained from first to last, and thrilling incidents crop up at almost every page."—*People*.

"Bound to be a very popular romance.....Mr. Boothby wipes the very memory of pain and anxiety out."—*Sketch*.

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

"One of the most fascinating stories that has seen the light this season. The scenes are beautiful specimens of word-painting, and the characters are admirably drawn." *Public Opinion*.

"The author's vigour and brightness never fail him; his facility of invention is well reflected in the felicity of his language."—*Bradford Observer*.

OTHER NOVELS BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

Profusely Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

DOCTOR NIKOLA. Fourth Edition.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL. Seventh Edition.

A BID for FORTUNE. Third Edition.

IN STRANGE COMPANY. Fifth Edition.

THE MARRIAGE of ESTHER. Fourth Edition.

Ready Immediately.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

On the Cars and Off.

Being the Journal of a Pilgrimage along the Queen's Highway, from Halifax in Nova Scotia to Victoria in Vancouver's Island.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN, Author of "The Japs at Home," &c.

With New and copiously Illustrated Chapter on KLONDIKE, by P. A. HURD.

Profusely and beautifully Illustrated with 19 Colotype Pictures of Canadian Scenery and over 80 Cuts in the Text. Medium 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"Will invite and reward attention by the profusion and intrinsic attractiveness of its illustrations, and by the lively and genial tone of the letterpress.....The book is appropriately dedicated to Lord Dufferin, whose recommendation of its merits is at once pertinent and sufficient. Mr. Sladen may well feel that he needs no higher recommendation of his work than that of the popular Governor-General."—*Times*.

The *TIMES* says:

"Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" is the most universal Book of Reference in a moderate compass that we know of in the English Language."

TWENTY-FIRST EDITION, in 1 vol., medium 8vo, cloth, price 21s.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates

And Universal Information.

RELATING TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

TWENTY-FIRST EDITION, Enlarged, Corrected, and Revised Throughout.

By BENJAMIN VINCENT,

Hon. Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Comprehending Remarkable Occurrences, both Ancient and Modern—The Foundations, Laws, and Government of all Nations, and particularly of the British Empire; their Progress in Civilisation, Industry, Literature, Arts, and Sciences; their Achievements in Arms; their Civil, Military, Religious, and Philanthropic Institutions, &c.

The comprehensive and exhaustive nature of the Dictionary, and the completeness with which it presents every department of Human Knowledge, appears in the fact that this Edition consists of about 1,250 Pages, 12,000 Articles, and 140,000 Dates and Facts. Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged, with New and Important Matter, and thoroughly brought down to the Autumn of 1895.

The *TIMES* says of the Seventeenth Edition of this work: "It is certainly no longer now a mere Dictionary of Dates, whatever it might have been on its first appearance, but a comprehensive Dictionary or Cyclopædia of General Information."

"So altogether indispensable that it is difficult to imagine a period when it was not in existence."—*Spectator*.

Full Prospectus, with Specimen Page, post free on application.

620TH THOUSAND.—THE BEST COOKERY BOOK IN THE WORLD.

Strongly bound in half-roan, 7s. 6d.; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8s. 6d.;

half-morocco, or half-calf, 12s. 6d.; tree-calf, 18s.

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management.

Enlarged, Recompensed, Revised, Improved. With New Menus, New Modes, New Recipes, New Tables, New Illustrations.

About 1,700 Pages, with Thousands of Recipes and Instructions, Hundreds of Engravings and New Coloured Cookery Plates. With Quantities, Time, Costs, and Seasons, Directions for Carving and Trussing, Management of Children, Economy of the Kitchen, Duties of Servants, the Doctor, Legal Memoranda, and Bills of Fare and Menus of all kinds and for all seasons.

* * As a Wedding Gift, Birthday Book, or Presentation Volume at any period of the year, Mrs. Beeton's HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT is entitled to the very first place. The book will last a lifetime, and save money every day.

Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, 10s. 6d.

Beeton's Garden Management.

A Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, and a Complete Guide to Gardening in all its Branches.

Profusely Illustrated with Coloured Plates and 600 Engravings.

"The work is exceedingly comprehensive.....appears to leave no detail of the subject without adequate treatment."—*Daily Telegraph*.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED, Salisbury Square, E.C.